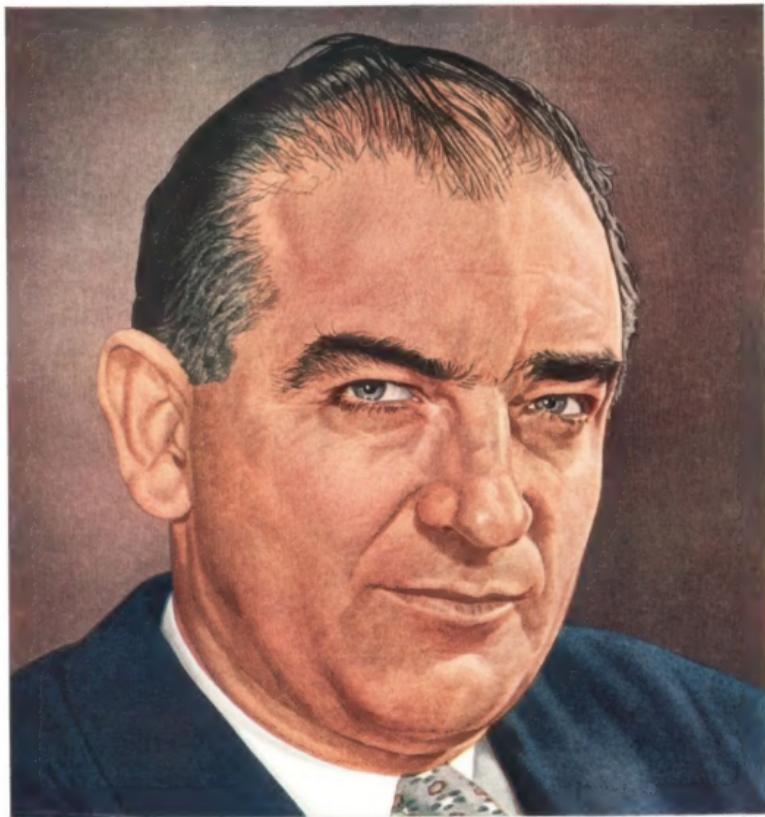


TWENTY CENTS

OCTOBER 22, 1951

SPECIAL REPORT:
ATTLEE v. CHURCHILL



Ernest Hamlin Baker

DEMAGOGUE McCARTHY

Does he deserve well of the republic?



Paul Hesse photo

Decorative and other specifications subject to change without notice.

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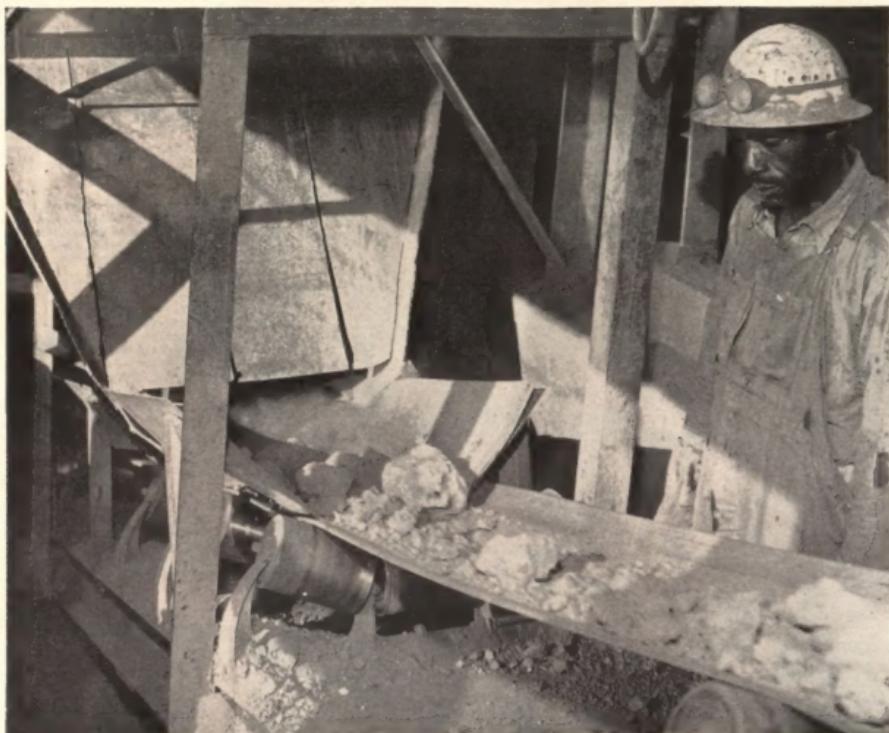
AND FOR EVEN LESS MONEY...THRIFTY STUDEBAKER CHAMPION...TOP GAS SAVER OF THE TOP 4 LOW PRICE CARS

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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Hot rocks ride rubber on way to your garden

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich product improvement

NEXT summer's roses in many a garden (maybe yours!) will be prettier because of that smoking stuff in the picture. It's hot slag from a steel mill, to be crushed into fertilizer.

Moving rubber belts carried it from hot drier to crusher. But 500° heat ruined the belts after only a few thousand tons.

Someone heard of the development of a belt by B.F. Goodrich, which is specially designed to handle hot rocks, coke, sand, and other materials that

would sizzle right through ordinary rubber.

The fertilizer plant installed this BFG belt, ran it 16 hours a day, 7 days a week. It lasted 4½ months. Handling costs went down because this belt carried 2½ times as much as any previous belt.

Making a belt to stand terrific heat is typical of improvements made in other B.F. Goodrich belts—belts to carry materials that tear and cut ordinary rubber, stand crashing blows of

dropping coal and rock, carry oily foods and grains, move packages uphill and down. B.F. Goodrich research constantly improves them all. That's why it will pay you to find out what recent improvements B.F. Goodrich has made in any rubber products you use. Call your local BFG distributor, or write *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

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on time?**



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Did you know that a person's activities affect the accuracy of a wrist watch? Yours should be regulated to your own daily habits. Any Hamilton jeweler will do this for you without charge.

Uncle Sam's underwater commandos must time their daring missions to the split second! And for special watches that would keep time accurately under water, the Navy turned to Hamilton for help. You can see these undersea raiders in action in the thrilling 20th Century-Fox picture, "The Frogmen."



YOURS FREE—"What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?"—a 36-page, illustrated booklet about America's finest watch. Just write Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. E-5, Lancaster, Pa.



This lucky young lady has just received the **PEGGY** (left), gold-filled, \$60.50. Below: **1. LADY LANCASTER** 120—4 diamonds set in 14K white gold case, \$175. The name "Hamilton" on the back guarantees your diamond watch is authentic. **2. BROCK**—14K gold, \$120. **3. FREDA**—gold-filled, \$57.75. **4. BELDON**—gold-filled "sh" sealed against moisture and dirt, \$71.50. Every Hamilton is adjusted to temperature, isochronism and position.

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United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, Baltimore 3, Md.

Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Corporation, Baltimore 3, Md.

Fidelity Insurance Company of Canada, Toronto



What doesn't belong in this picture?

All but one of the objects in this picture have something in common — Norton or Behr-Manning abrasive products are vital factors in their manufacture and in their quality. *Can you find the stranger?*

The office equipment? No! Most of the parts of typewriters and other office machines are produced with the help of Norton and Behr-Manning abrasive products. Their stamped parts, for example, are barrel-finished with Norton ALUNDUM tumbling abrasive.

The tricycle? No! It, too, depends on both Behr-Manning and Norton abrasives for grinding and polishing each component. The hardwood floor, too, is sanded with Behr-Manning abrasive drum covers and discs.

The mining equipment? No! From the rugged metal parts of the heavy machinery to the tough points of the drills, their performance is influenced by the

contribution Norton grinding wheels and refractories and Behr-Manning coated abrasives make to their quality.

The peanuts? No! Their brown husks were removed by machines using coated abrasives.

The stranger in the picture is the wild goose racing the jet plane. Remember, any man-made product . . . whether of metal, wood, paper, cloth, leather, ceramics or plastics . . . depends in some important way on abrasives, abrasive products, refractories or grinding machines that bear such well-known trade-marks as Norton and Behr-Manning . . . the world's largest manufacturers of abrasives and abrasive products.

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LETTERS

The Forgotten

Sir:

It was a pleasant surprise to find in TIME for Oct. 1 the report from the Middle East on the forgotten Arab refugees. Too long has this situation been neglected, leading to deterioration not only in the physical and moral condition of the Arab refugees but also of our international relations . . .

PAUL B. FREELAND

Presbyterian Board of World Missions
Nashville

Sir:

. . . courageous article . . .

RUBY E. TAYLOR

San Francisco

Sir:

Accurate and timely . . . Last year I visited ten or a dozen of these refugee camps. Your description is a mild understatement of the true conditions.

W. HAROLD DENISON

New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

. . . I have read with interest and mixed feelings your article entitled "The Forgotten." . . . [It] does not present all the facts . . . You have not pointed to the fact that the Arabs, defying the U.N. partition of Palestine, invaded Israel . . . The Arab propaganda machine bid Palestinian Arabs to leave their homes . . . Helping this situation along was the fact that the British pulled their garrisons out of Haifa and Jaffa a month before the end of the mandate . . . Arabs who were smart enough not to flee from Israel are getting along much better

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October 22, 1951

Volume LVIII
Number 17

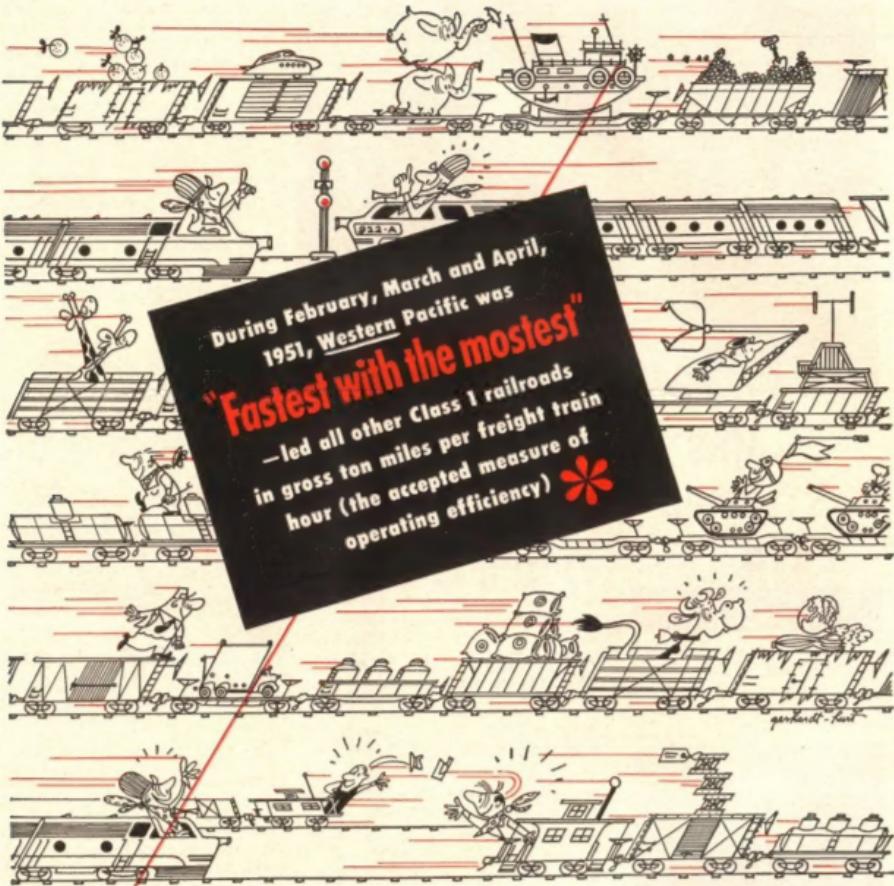
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Sturdily built for years of steady service.

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Excellent Gift Idea!

The Wico is a smart, thoughtful gift, just right for the person who has everything. Orders sent now will arrive in plenty of time for Christmas.

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than their fellowmen who fled at Arab instigation—and considerably better than Jews unfortunate enough to still be in Arab countries.

KARL BENNET JUSTUS
San Francisco

Sir: . . . I was in the Middle East during June and July, and made an intensive study of the Arab refugee question in Lebanon, Jordan and the Gaza strip. The thing is appalling . . . The Arab league does nothing for the Arab refugee except in one place, the Arab Development Project, near the Dead Sea . . . These states refuse to meet with Israelis to consider a solution of the refugee problem within the framework of the general peace settlement. Our Congress has just allocated \$50 million for Arab refugees, so they are not "forgotten people." . . .

(THE REV.) JOHN EVANS
Chicago

Sir: . . . What is there to stop the Arabs the world over to collect as much as they please for their unfortunate brethren? God knows that a few only of the Arab kings and sheiks could easily outmatch the donations of the Jewish communities in this country of abroad . . .

OTTO HERSHMAN
Los Angeles

Sir: . . . Premier Ben-Gurion and his government [were] ready to make an initial contribution of a million Israel pounds (\$2,800,000) toward relief of Arab refugees, but that cannot be done without setting up some kind of framework in which to deal with the Arab countries. This the Arabs refuse to do . . .

JOHN ANSON FORD
Los Angeles

With an Umlaut

Sir: Your story on Bert Lahr, Oct. 1: TIME should listen again. Methinks Bert Lahr's bewildered cry sounds more like unngah, unngah than gung-gung!

R. P. BALIN
Miami

Sir: Bert Lahr's ululations are represented phonetically by "ngah ngah ngah," rather than by "gung-gung-gung."

WM. KOHMANN
Arlington County, Va.

¶ Says Lahr: "Gung-gung-gung is all right so far as it goes, but it should be pronounced with an umlaut. That cry is really most effective during the rag-weed season."—ED.

Thank You

. . . I commend you and those able writers responsible for the splendid portrait of our nation drawn in your lead story in "The Nation" section of the Oct. 1 issue . . . A masterful example of your particular specialty. Thank you.

JOHN W. NICOLL
Pacific Grove, Calif.

Sir: . . . A masterpiece from the hands and mind of an inspired writer.

WM. D. MARTIN
Cleveland

Sir: As long as sorghum hangs heavy, goldenrod gilds the fields and black bass sail fat and complacent on river bottoms, our constitu-

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is this
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IF YOU think all big circulations are cross-sections of all kinds of people, you're about to discover something NEW:

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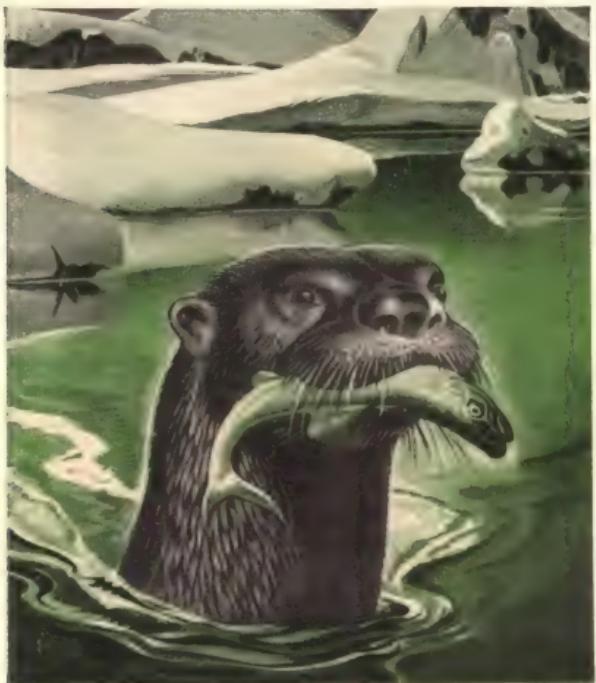
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tional and, let us hope, indigenous heritage of goodness should be able to circumvent Cicero McCarthy's, Cicero citizens and their contemporaries.

R. A. SINCLAIR

Cleveland

The People v. "Ciceroism"

Sir:

There is no other country in the world talking more about democracy than the U.S.A. But how can we possibly believe what you are talking about, when H. E. Clark, your own people, was thrown out from his apartment in Cicero for no other reason except that he is a Negro? . . . Today I read your Oct. 1 issue and found that those who had helped H. E. Clark in getting the apartment were indicted, but those rioters all went free. My dear American friends, please help us believe what is your democracy, the subject you have talked so much to us.

V. CHEN

Manila, P.I.

Sir:

. . . Let the citizens of Cicero, Ill., beware lest the term "Ciceroism" come to stand as a symbol of hate, savagery, and racial prejudice.

MRS. H. EISENBERG

San Mateo, Calif.

Propaganda Pratfall

Sir:

Indiana's Senator Homer Capehart has identified part of the Republican Party line as Socialistic propaganda. He has done this by identifying the Army's Sad Sack recruiting booklet [TIME, Oct. 1] . . . What the Sad Sack booklet had to say about the "pitfalls and pratfalls of civilian life" is only a repetition of what Republicans have been saying for 15 or 20 years.

WALTER R. UPSON

Minneapolis

Bouquets & Boo-Kays

Sir:

Highest praise should go to President Truman and the nine Congressmen against the Rankin ("Veteran's Grab") Bill [TIME, Oct. 1] . . . No veteran wants to be treated as a member of a select group; if his country's cause is just, the veteran does not feel that his country is in debt to him for having served . . .

JOHN S. CHAPMAN

Charlottesville, Va.

Sir:

. . . Military service is potentially one part of every young man's life today . . . In case anyone is interested, I'm a non-disabled combat veteran of World War II, resisting the temptation to pluck giveaway benefits from the VA cornucopia.

CHARLES J. MELLIS JR.

Los Angeles

Sir:

. . . Bouquets to Byrd, Douglas, Ellender, Fulbright, Gillette, O'Mahoney, Robertson, Duff and Ferguson. Boo-kays to the rest.

FRANCES F. WENNER

City Point, Fla.

Eliminating a Squeak

Sir:

Re TIME, Oct. 1, "Along New England's shores, the squeak of a fisherman's oars against thole pins . . ."

I have clomped, crabbed and fanned quite a few oars against thole pins, but I have yet to recall one as squeaking. Against an oarlock, maybe yes, but a drop of [cod] liver squeezings . . . will eliminate any such annoyance.

It was with muffled oars against thole pins

TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1951

Must we depend on bravery?

Time and again we read of those who brave flames to save life and property from almost certain destruction.

These stories are heartwarming, for it takes courage of the highest order to walk through fire. Yet shouldn't we feel somewhat shamefaced too? . . . that we continue to count on such bravery, when we can and should prevent fire?

How much better to have fire automatically stopped *before* the fireman's life is risked, *before* the property is ruined. With Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler Systems fire can be checked at its source, wherever and whenever it may strike, with automatic certainty. And 70 years' experience prove Grinnell's reliability.



SEE THAT GRINNELL SPRINKLER HEADS ARE ON GUARD

The time to act on Grinnell protection is *now* — before fire strikes. For no indemnity check can replace scarce materials and equipment, nor replace lost records, customers, skilled employees or — most important of all — human lives. Grinnell sprinkler heads are your assurance of positive, automatic fire protection.

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GRINNELL

FIRE PROTECTION SYSTEMS





He was a lesson to her

SHE certainly learned something that evening. And that was: Never to accept an evening's invitation to dance unless she had danced *before* with the man who asked her. He seemed very fond of her and almost monopolized the entire evening, but by the end of the party he was almost revolting to her. He would be the last to suspect why.

Are You Sure?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it... and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And whenever it is, you offend needlessly.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle.

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, wholly delightful and extra-careful precaution against halitosis? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

Sweetens for Hours

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours, usually. When you want that extra assurance, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

See The SAMMY KAYE SHOW • "So you want to lead a band" • CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

that New England fishermen ferried Washington across the Delaware... Thole pins went out with button shoes and derby hats.

ABROT R. "DICK" COFFIN
Winthrop, Mass.

Booming Alberta

Sir:

After reading your magnificent article on Alberta, "Texas of the North" [TIME, Sept. 24], I am just about convinced that I should pack up my bags and head for Canada... TERESA M. RODNEY
Hinton, W. Va.

Sir:

... Your feature on my native province... was well handled, even from the standpoint of one of the many who feel that agriculture, not oil, is the true backbone of our province... MRS. E. S. FAIERS
New York City

Sir:

Re Canada's Manning, Premier of Alberta, long may we have his type in government of our country... a good, God-fearing man. MARGARET ALEXANDER
Hamilton, Ont.

Due Credit

SIR:

YOUR USE OF THREE COLUMNS FROM AND ABOUT OUR COPYRIGHTED BOOK, "WE NEVER CALLED HIM HENRY," IN TIME, OCT. 8, GRATIFYING YOUR FAILURE TO MENTION PUBLISHER UNTIMELIKE, "WE NEVER CALLED HIM HENRY" IS A GOLD MEDAL 25¢ BOOK PUBLISHED BY FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS...

RALPH DAIGH
EDIT. DIRECTOR
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.
NEW YORK CITY

Cactus Joe

Sir:

Under People in TIME of Sept. 24, you speak of the delicate mauve orchid christened Marshal Stalin, now renamed General George Patton. So that the realm of botany be graced with Stalin's name, why not rechristen the barrel cactus (I hope you never sit on one) Marshal Stalin?

WM. FISHER

Indio, Calif.

Degas & Les Petits Rats

Sir:

Re your brief description of Edgar Degas [Oct. 1]... to say that Degas was not sentimental about ballet, called his dance-models "little rats," just doesn't make sense. For "little rats" is precisely the term used for all "apprentice" dancers of the Paris Opéra Ballet, and has been so used for generations. It is a term of affection rather than derision.

REED SEVERIN

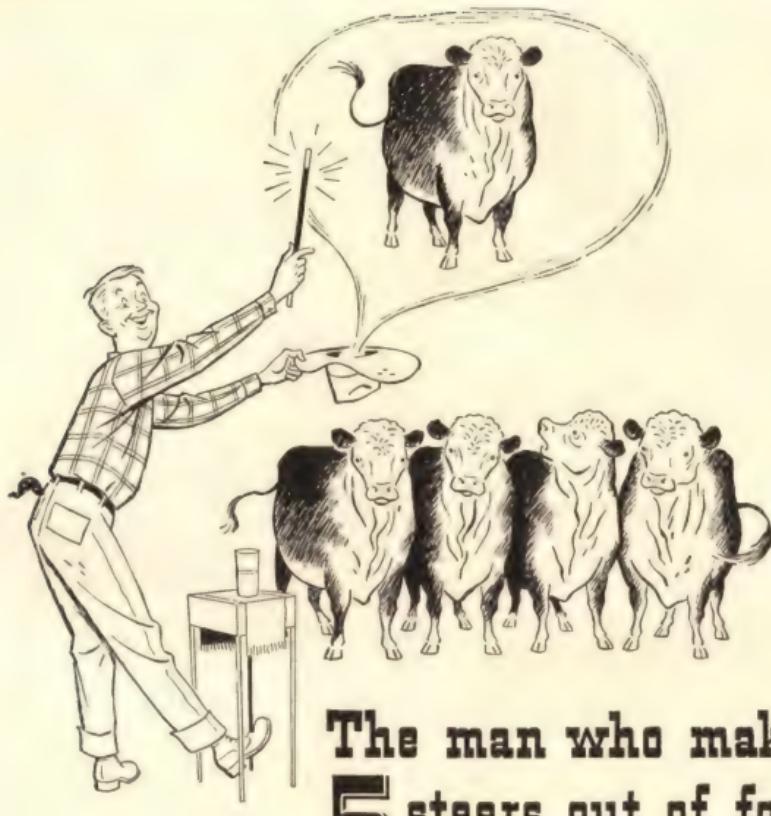
Gentle Sting

Sir:

With reference to Simone Weil [TIME, Oct. 1]... she belongs to no religious group. She belongs to the "pure in heart" who alone see God. She belongs like Isaiah and Jesus, like Schweitzer and Kawawa and Father Damien, to the human race—she belongs to God. Her life is a gentle yet stinging rebuke to our little minds that constantly make God "in our own image," unaware that "he hath made of one flesh all the peoples of the earth" to live together in charity and fraternity.

The world is permanently richer for such souls as she.

(THE REV.) JOHN G. CLARK
First Baptist Church
Pulaski, Va.



The man who makes 5 steers out of four

That fifth steer, though, really isn't an extra steer. It's extra beef on the other four; beef that would never exist were it not for this man called a "feeder."

He buys cattle from ranchers—lean animals that have been grazing on the open range. Then he takes them to his "beef factory" and feeds them—fills out their frames with all the well-balanced feeds the animals can hold.

Months later, he sells them—200 to 500 pounds heavier than they would be if they had been left on the open range. Thus, the feeder, in effect,

makes five steers out of every four he feeds—materially increases our national beef supply—helps make beef available during the months when range cattle are not coming to market.

But he takes a risk in doing this essential job.

The kind of living his boarders enjoy costs the feeder plenty. And between the time he buys and sells, many things can happen to put his calculations in the red.

Fortunately, though, most feeders are optimists.

And as long as they keep those beef critters eating, you'll continue to eat better, too!

American Meat Institute

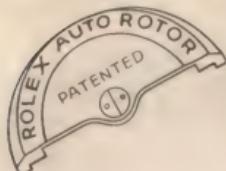
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TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1951

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

At booths 136 and 137 in the exhibit hall of the Minneapolis Municipal Auditorium, where the National Association of Retail Druggists held their 53rd annual convention this week, TIME's representatives were playing a little game with visitors.

They awarded a silver dollar to anyone who could name a post office in the U.S. to which no subscription copies of TIME are sent.

There are 41,638 post offices in the nation. The druggists also saw subscription lists for their home towns, looked for their own names, those of their friends, and names of many of the most influential people they knew. (Needless to say, no one was permitted more than a hasty look at these jealously guarded lists.)

Although our "post office booth" has carried its half-ton of subscription lists to 89 conventions and trade meetings, this was only the second time prizes were offered for naming post offices not on the lists. The original plan was to offer prizes for naming counties to which no subscription copies are mailed. This idea was dismissed as patently unfair, because only four of the nation's 3,070 counties could have qualified.

The first time was in July, at the Chicago convention of the National Association of Music Merchants. Typical of the winning guesses were the communities of Rough and Ready, Calif.; Goose Egg, Wyo.; Carp, Nev., and Hungry Horse, Mont. We turned out to be wrong about Hungry Horse, because we'd used some outdated Montana subscriber lists at our "post office" display. (Hungry Horse is on the lists used in Minneapolis this week.)

When word got back to the town that it had been chosen for such dubious distinction, Mel Ruder, 36, founder-editor of the Hungry Horse News, took immediate issue. Himself a consistent reader of TIME since the eighth grade, Ruder decided to conduct an investigation to learn whether Hungry Horse hungered for TIME treatment of the news.

What he learned and reported in his newspaper was this: "We checked and found that at least six copies of TIME arrive at the Hungry Horse post office each week. In addition, the magazine has newsstand sales in Hungry Horse, and a number of . . . subscribers who live at Hungry Horse get their magazines through . . . Columbia Falls. TIME is doing all right."

The town of Hungry Horse (pop. 1,300) is headquarters for a \$108 million dam under construction by the Bureau of Reclamation (TIME, News in Pictures, Oct. 1). A check by us of the 40 TIME-subscribing families there disclosed that 30 get their copies from the nearby Columbia Falls post office, ten others from the third class post office at Hungry Horse.

Many others at Hungry Horse in addition to Ruder have been TIME-readers of long standing. Cableway

Operator Ben Ostrom, 47, who controls tons of concrete swinging in a huge bucket a quarter-mile across a canyon, said he has read TIME for 15 or 20 years, even borrowed copies of the Atlantic

Edition from friends on a 1947 visit to Norway. Allen Johannesson, with six or seven TIME-reading years, has made a TIME convert of his ex-schooteacher wife, Jan.

"Out here," wrote Editor Ruder, "we don't think of Hungry Horse as a strange name. After all, we had a construction company representative and Army engineer in the office last weekend from Chattahoochee, Fla., where a dam is being built across the Apalachicola River."

If that was a bid for a silver dollar, Reader Ruder missed. TIME has exactly 40 subscribers in Chattahoochee, too.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn



How to "cut down on smoking"

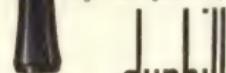


without
giving up
a single
cigarette!

■ You can cut down on nicotine and tars without making yourself a nervous wreck! The Denicotea Holder filters the smoke of your favorite cigarette—literally "sponges up" nicotine and tars. You can actually see the irritants it removes—and be glad they can't reach, can't harm your throat, sinuses—or lungs!



Aluminum ejector model, 2.50
Longer model, gold tone ejector, 3.50



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KARSH, OTTAWA

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Co-Administrative Director, The Theatre Guild, New York, New York

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"I find that the unusual training these representatives receive, coupled with their experience in dealing with the lives of many families, equips them to give real assistance. The quality of their advice and help on matters of family security is available from no other source.

"My own experience convinces me that it pays to select a life insurance agent with the same sober care as you do any other professional person—and give him your fullest confidence."

HOW LONG IS IT SINCE YOU HAVE REVIEWED YOUR LIFE INSURANCE PROGRAM?

BIRTHS, deaths, marriages, changing needs, taxes . . . all affect protection plans. A life insurance program needs review at least every two years.

You'll find real assistance when you call upon a Northwestern Mutual agent. For he is trained to give understanding advice. His company is one of the six largest. It has over 90 years' experience.

Moreover, Northwestern Mutual offers so many significant advantages, including low net cost, that no company excels it in that happiness of all business relationships—old customers coming back for more.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

October 22, 1951

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

"We Stand in Need"

Harry Truman is not an eloquent man. But he is a peace-loving, God-fearing man who can, on occasion, speak eloquently as the voice of a nation that is peace-loving and God-fearing, too. This week he did so when, as a fellow-Baptist, he addressed the ground-breaking ceremonies at the Baptists' new Wake Forest College (*see EDUCATION*) just outside of Winston-Salem, N.C.

Said the President of the U.S.: "I am afraid that some people here and abroad believe that the creation of armed defenses must inevitably lead to war. This is not the case. We do not think war is inevitable." He was willing to consider the difficult question of co-existing with Communism, but under conditions that would render world Communism powerless to threaten the security of the free world. "So long as one country has the power and forces to overwhelm others, and so long as that country has aggressive intentions, real peace is unattainable . . . As our strength increases, we should be able to negotiate settlements that the Soviet Union will respect and live up to."

He kept the sharp, political edge from his voice even when he touched briefly, without naming it, on McCarthyism. "To the sowers of suspicion, and the peddlers of fear, to all those who seem bent on persuading us that our country is on the wrong track and that there is no honor or loyalty left in the land . . . I would say one thing: 'Take off your blinders and look toward the future. The worst danger we face is the danger of being paralyzed by doubts and fears. This danger is brought on by those who abandon faith and sneer at hope . . .' Yet, at heart, I do not greatly fear such men, for they have always been with us, and in the long run they have always failed . . .

"When the accounts of history are rendered, it is the going forward that will constitute the record—not the hesitations and the mistakes—not how you refrained from wrong, but how you did right . . . For six long years now we have contended, with all the weapons of mind and spirit, against the adherents of the false god of tyranny . . . These positive acts have not been easy to do. They have brought upon us the

hatred and threats and curses of the enemies of freedom—and may bring upon us even worse troubles. Nevertheless, if this nation is justified by history, it is these things that will justify it, and not the negative virtue of meaning no harm."

"God forbid that I should claim for our country the mantle of perfect righteousness. We have committed sins of omission and sins of commission, for which we stand in need of the mercy of the Lord. But I dare maintain before the world that we have done much that was right."

No Hike, New Hanky

Harry Truman still looks trim and cocky during public appearances, still gets up early enough to work before breakfast. But except on rare occasions, his famed two-mile morning hikes are now a thing of the past—abandoned under the stress of White House toil, and at the urging of White House physician General Wallace Graham to get the President to sleep a little later in the morning. Last week sharp-eyed reporters noted another alteration in the President's personal routine—after years of folding his breast-pocket handkerchief so that four geometrically perfect points protruded, he appeared with a quarter inch of straight, unfolded cloth peeping casually into view.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

New Leverage

The U.S. at long last is getting ready to build a positive policy in the Middle East. The news was announced, in a backhanded way, by Secretary of State Dean Acheson during a press conference last week. He had just rebuked Egypt's Prime Minister for kicking up the dust over the presence of British troops along the Suez Canal (*see FOREIGN NEWS*). Acheson added that "new proposals" had already been prepared and were being offered to the Egyptian Government. The new plan would, said he, "contribute to the defense of the free world in which the Middle East plays such an important role."

The proposals allow Egypt to tear up her one-sided treaty with Britain, and join as an equal partner in a five-power Middle East command of the U.S., Britain, France and Turkey. The command would have its headquarters in Egypt, and would try to enlist other Moslem nations in a solid defense bloc against the Russians. Last week General Omar Bradley, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs, was in Paris and Ankara to explore military problems of a long-neglected and vital strategic area. Cairo's cold reception to the proposals indicated that he might be too late.

DEMOCRATS

Burp in Church

"I feel like the fellow who burped in church and created a lot of attention, all of it bad," said White House Jester George Allen mournfully. Allen's *fauve pas* was a letter which he had co-sponsored with another fervent Truman Democrat, New Mexico's Senator Clinton Anderson, and mailed to selected businessmen around the country. It began by suggesting that a special archives building should be constructed on Harry Truman's farm at Grandview, Mo., to keep the papers of the Truman Administration, much as Franklin Roosevelt's are kept at Hyde Park, N.Y. The President, said the letter, has already agreed to donate the land for the "Harry S. Truman Library."

The first eruption of political bad manners came in the fifth paragraph. "A new tax bill is under consideration . . ." wrote Anderson-Allen. "Whatever finally hap-



"LOOK OUT, HARRY, HERE COMES A LIBRARY!"

pens, about half of . . . a [corporation's] contribution would be money that otherwise would go to the Government in tax." It has the familiar give-it-to-us-instead-of-to-the-Government theme which hospitals, universities and charities have been drumming since the big excess profits tax of World War II. But it was a strange argument to advance in the name of an Administration that was clamoring for more taxes.

The windup was stranger still for an Administration still raw from accusations of influence-peddling. Wrote Anderson-Allen: "I know that the President would be happy to have George Allen, as treasurer [of the archives campaign], drop in at the White House and show him your contribution."

When a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reporter dug up a copy of the letter, he dropped in at the White House for a comment. From Harry Truman's office came the rare authorization for a direct presidential quotation: "I didn't know anything about the letter, and if I had known about it, I would have stopped it from being sent."

A Friend of the President

Long before Jim Finnegan moved into the headlines as a friend of Bill Boyle's, St. Louis knew him for lawyer-politico with a bright-hued future. In 1944, Franklin Roosevelt appointed him U.S. Collector of Internal Revenue in St. Louis. In the Truman era, Finnegan—an old and close friend of Harry Truman's—took more round trips to Washington than any other Democrat in town. He was talked about as possible mayor of St. Louis, federal judge or even U.S. Senator from Missouri.

Last week a St. Louis federal grand jury returned a five-count indictment against Jim Finnegan. He was charged with twice accepting bribes from a company that had a tax case pending in his office. And he faced three other counts of taking fees for representing private clients (including the notorious American Lithofold Corp.—TIME, Oct. 1) before Government agencies while he was getting a full-time Government salary.

The matter was particularly embarrassing to Old Friend Truman because Finnegan had just told a House subcommittee that he had tried three times to resign as collector, and his resignation had been turned down. The last time, the President asked him to stay on, said Finnegan. Harry Truman, at his press conference, said his recollection was rather hazy on the conversation, but the White House staff thought what Finnegan said was true. He learned about Finnegan's outside activities just a short time ago, said the President solemnly, and he does not approve of them.

The Chairman Resigns

Three times in two months Harry Truman publicly announced that his confidence was unshaken in Bill Boyle, his Kansas City protégé and the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Last week Bill Boyle suddenly resigned from



BILL BOYLE
Boris Chaliapin

A sudden ending.

the committee. As his reason, Boyle gave ill health.

Boyle referred to a Senate committee investigation into his acceptance of fees from the American Lithofold Corp., which got a loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation after Boyle arranged a meeting between Lithofold and an RFC director. Wrote Boyle to Truman: "A Republican member of the [Senate] committee stated yesterday that the record contains 'no evidence of illegality or moral turpitude' on my part. I should add to that that I have at all times conducted myself with honor and propriety."

HISTORICAL NOTES

"Total Politician"

Crusty old (77) Jesse Jones had no reason to be surprised that the influence boys have been working on the RFC. During the twelve turbulent years that Jones supervised the open-handed Government corporation, politicians from President Roosevelt down continually eyed the jam pot. In a book published this week (*Fifty Billion Dollars*, Macmillan; \$6), Jones takes this and many another angry cut at the Administration of which he was a



Acme

ROOSEVELT & JONES
Two wars at the same time.

part and at the President under whom he served.

Private Smoosh. Every now & then, says the ex-chairman, there were around the RFC "meddlers wanting to muscle in for a little private smoosh." More often than not, the approach was made through the White House. One day in 1941, after a visit from Alfred E. Smith, President Roosevelt sent a memo to Jones. He thought the RFC ought to buy the Empire State Building of which Smith was president. "We all know that the [building] is a losing proposition," wrote the President, "but . . . it is ideally located for a central Federal Office Building." After an investigation, Jones reported that the price was far too high. "Yes, Jess," Roosevelt replied, "that is probably true, but I would like to do something for Al Smith. He is broke and has an expensive family."

Jones stubbornly refused to buy. Ex-Governor Smith, he recalls, came to see him "two or three times during the negotiations and indicated clearly his real feeling toward the President—which was that of utter contempt. He made it plain he had gone to the White House . . . only to help his friend Mr. Raskob [one-time chairman of the Democratic National Committee] get some of his money out of a losing venture."

After Roosevelt's fourth inaugural, a long squabble with Henry Wallace cost Jones his job as Secretary of Commerce. Now, six years out of Government service, he remembers that Roosevelt never harbored a grudge. "In the twelve years I worked for and with [Roosevelt] we never had an argument." Looking back, however, Jones writes as if he had quite a grudge of his own.

No Intention of Leaving. He says that Roosevelt was "all things to all men—always a politician." Jones expands this theme: "I understand perfectly what is meant by 'total politician'—Franklin D. Roosevelt . . . After the start of World War II . . . he was always fighting two wars at the same time, the political struggle for the presidency, which he never lost sight of, and the military conflict. Regardless of his oft-repeated statement, 'I hate war,' he was eager to get into the fighting that would insure a third term . . .

"He had no intention of leaving the White House until voted out—or carried out . . . In no sense did I feel his superiority over other men except that he was President, and the greatest politician our country has ever known, and ruthless when it suited his purpose . . .

"He began to see himself as a great world figure of all time, a Caesar, maybe, or an Alexander the Great. But he must bring Joseph Stalin under his influence . . . At Teheran the President made various promises and commitments to Joe. Still determined but . . . weakened in mind and body, Roosevelt went . . . to meet Stalin at Yalta. There he made still further commitments from which our country and the rest of the non-Communist world may never recover. A few weeks later he was dead—his ambition unattained."

CONGRESS

Weighed in the Balance

[See Cover]

"Man is born to do something," says restless Joe McCarthy. Joe is doing something. His name is in headlines. "McCarthyism" is now part of the language. His burly figure casts its shadow over the coming presidential campaign. Thousands turn out to hear his speeches. Millions regard him as "a splendid American" (a fellow Senator recently called him that). Other millions think McCarthy a worse menace than the Communist conspiracy against which he professes to fight.

McCarthy does not face some questions which the nation cannot evade:

- 1) Precisely what has McCarthy done?
- 2) Is his effect on the U.S. good or bad?
- 3) Does he deserve well of the republic, or should he be treated with aversion and contempt?

The Charge. McCarthy's jump from obscurity to the national limelight began

these charges; the Senate set up a committee headed by conservative Democrat Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland.

McCarthy, who had said that he "held in his hand" the names of 205 Communists then in the State Department, did not give the Tydings committee the names of 205. He did not give it the names of 57. He did not produce the name of even one Communist in the State Department.

Logically, that failure might have been expected to end the rocketing flight of Joe McCarthy. That it was a beginning, not an end, is partly explained by McCarthy's personality. Another man, humiliated by failure to produce evidence he said he held, would have retreated and wiped a bloody nose. McCarthy, who was a boxer in college, says: "I learned in the ring that the moment you draw back and start defending yourself, you're licked. You've got to keep boring in." This is not necessarily true of either boxing or politics—but Joe McCarthy thinks it is true.

He bored in, hitting low blow after low

blow. Such questions have no appeal to demagogues.

The Files. Before the Tydings committee, Joe demonstrated the technique that he still uses: kicking up a storm of denunciation and then shifting his ground. When he first made his charges, he explained: "Everything I have here is from the State Department's own files." When the Tydings committee asked for proof, Joe set up a chant: "Get the files. If you do, you will find that every word I have said is the truth." Harry Truman refused to let the committee have the files, on the sound ground that it was necessary to protect the reputations of those who might be subsequently cleared.

Joe's chant became deafening. How could he supply the proof without the files? Then Truman changed his mind. Before McCarthy even saw what the State Department turned over to the committee, he pronounced it "a phony offer of phony files." The files had been "raped," he cried. Tydings had the FBI send over a



LATTIMORE

MARSHALL

JESSUP

ACHESON

TYDINGS

Denunciatory dust hid relevant and important questions.

nearly two years ago, when he made a speech in Wheeling, W. Va. He said: "I have here in my hand a list of 205, list of names made known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping policy in the State Department." Next day in Salt Lake City, he declared: "I hold in my hand the names of 57 card-carrying Communists" working in the State Department. Ten days later, on the Senate floor, he cited 81 "cases," particularly "three big Communists." Said McCarthy: "While there are vast numbers of other Communists with whom we must be concerned, if we can get rid of these big three, we will have done something to break the back of the espionage ring within the State Department."

In a nation that had finally learned (without any help from McCarthy) that it was locked in a life-or-death struggle with world Communism, these charges were as grave as any that could be made. The underlying accusation was that its State Department was harboring Communists, knew they were Communists, and was doing so deliberately. To investigate

blow. He set up a barrage of new accusations which caught the headlines, drawing attention away from the fact that he had not made good on his original charge. He even began to produce some names. But most of the men he has named never were in the State Department. His most sensational charge was that he knew the name of "the top Soviet espionage agent" in the U.S. The man so accused turned out to be Owen Lattimore, a Johns Hopkins professor and writer on Far Eastern affairs. Lattimore, in fact, had great influence in U.S. academic and journalistic circles dealing with the Far East. He was an important factor in leading the U.S. toward policies which many Americans regard as tragically wrong.

But that was not what McCarthy said about Lattimore. He said that Lattimore was "the top Soviet espionage agent"—and to this day McCarthy has not produced a scrap of evidence indicating that Lattimore was a spy or in any way disloyal. The question of whether Lattimore's analysis of the Far East was correct or incorrect—which is still a highly relevant and important question—does not interest

copy of all investigative reports it had; two security officers checked, and found everything there. But Tydings carelessly announced that the FBI had checked the files. McCarthy promptly got a letter from FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover saying that the FBI itself had not made the check. Tydings then had the FBI check in person. But Joe insisted that, by the time the FBI got there, the damning papers had been sneaked back.

Finally, when the Democratic majority brought out a report denouncing his charges as "a fraud and a hoax on the American people," Joe was ready. "Whitewash," he cried.

Tydings made the mistake of underestimating Joe McCarthy. He bickered impatiently with Joe, defended the Administration at every turn, including some points where it was not readily defensible.

Tydings was up for re-election to a seat he had held since 1926. Franklin Roosevelt in 1938 vainly tried to beat Tydings on the ground that he was too conservative. McCarthy, by accusing Tydings of sympathy for Communism, succeeded where Roosevelt had failed. The campaign

against Tydings included a faked photograph showing Tydings and Communist Earl Browder cheek by jowl. On other occasions, Joe has said: "You have to play rough if you are going to root out this motley crew."

The Score. The Tydings defeat made Joe a power. If he could successfully smear one of the most conservative and best entrenched Senators, was any man safe from his furious onslaught?

The Reds in Government, if any, were safe. After nearly two years of tramping the nation, shouting that he was "rooting out the skunks," just how many Communists has Joe rooted out? The answer: none. At best, he might claim an assist on three minor and borderline cases which Government investigators had already spotted. Joe tries to include himself in by saying: "We got Alger Hiss out, we got

begun to realize fully the malevolence of the enemy they faced. Abroad, the West had suffered a grievous setback in the loss of China to Communism.

The public, quite correctly, thought that someone must be to blame. Joe McCarthy went into the business of providing scapegoats. It was easier to string along with Joe's wild charges than to settle down to a sober examination of the chuckle-headed "liberalism," the false assumptions and the fatuous complacency that had endangered the security of the U.S. That he got a lot of help from the Administration spokesmen who still insist that nothing was wrong with U.S. policy helps to explain McCarthy's success—although it in no way excuses McCarthy.

Joe, like all effective demagogues, found an area of emotion and exploited it. No regard for fair play, no scruple for exact

everyone he meets is calling him "Joe." At 41, he has a candid eye for a pretty girl, but he has never married. "I can't work at politics if I can't stay away from supper when I want to," says Joe. He dotes on children, to whom he talks gravely as equals.

Burly, ham-handed, McCarthy has a furious physical energy. He is always in a hurry. He rushes through a newspaper in five minutes, looking just for items of special interest or use to him; he has little general curiosity. His pockets are always stuffed with notes which he can't find, and he can never keep a comb or a pencil or a handkerchief.

A two-fisted drinker who holds his liquor very well, McCarthy does not smoke. He detests cigars. Joe always begins a lunch or dinner speech by coughing raucously into his fist, saying: "Before I begin [cough-cough], I want to ask So & So [cough-cough] just what he has been smoking. It reminds me of my days back on the farm." This serves a double purpose: it gets a laugh, and all head-table smokers stub out their cigars.

McCarthy's idea of a meal is steak, very well done. "Cremate it," he tells the waiter. He almost always has steak for dinner, often for breakfast. He rarely eats lunch, but when he does, he is likely to order steak. He keeps irregular hours, gets up late, goes to bed usually long after midnight. A favorite McCarthy recreation is poker, but many find playing with him too nerve-racking, and somewhat like opposing him in politics. In seven-card stud, McCarthy will raise, raise again and then again without even bothering to look at his hole cards. Said one opponent: "You get to the point where you don't care what McCarthy's got in the hole—all you know is that it's too costly to stay in the game."

In Washington, Joe lives with his office manager Ray Kiermas and his wife. He gets back to Wisconsin about every two weeks, usually to give speeches. There he lives with the Urban P. Van Susterens in Appleton. Van, a lawyer and proprietor of a fleet of taxis, managed Joe's last campaign. Last time he got back to Appleton, Joe arrived, as usual, in the middle of the night. He went into the kitchen, dumped some baking soda into his hand, threw it into his mouth, and washed it down with cold water. Margery Van Susteren winced. Next, he took off his coat and tie and shoes, dropping them where he happened to be. Joe has no interest in clothes. After every road trip, hotels send on clothing he has forgotten.

Joe seldom misses Sunday Mass, although he sometimes cannot pass up a steak on Friday. A dogged churchgoer, Joe calls himself "a good Catholic, but not the kiss-the-book, light-the-candle Catholic."

Smart Boy. Joseph Raymond McCarthy, who always signs himself plain Joe McCarthy these days, was born on a farm in Grand Chute, a few miles north of Appleton. One of seven children, he quit school early, parlayed 50 chickens into a



"TAIL-GUNNER JOE" IN SBD

He wanted to shoot at something—even coconut trees.

Marzani out, Wadleigh, George Shaw Wheeler and a few others." McCarthy had nothing to do with any of them. Hiss was flushed by the House Un-American Activities Committee. Wadleigh, like Hiss, was named by Whittaker Chambers. Judith Coplon (who was employed in the Justice Department) was arrested by the FBI. Marzani was uncovered by the State Department's own loyalty investigation in 1946. George Shaw Wheeler was never in the State Department, but with the U.S. Military Government in Germany; he was denounced by Michigan's Representative George A. Dondero in 1947 and eased out while facing an Army checkup.

The Nerve. On such a miserable showing as an exposé of Reds, how has Joe McCarthy created such an uproar and kept it roaring? A large part of the answer is that Joe McCarthy in 1950 had hit a highly sensitive public nerve. When McCarthy first spoke up, Hiss, whose case Truman had called "a red herring," had just been convicted, and Acheson had declared: "I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss." The U.S. people had just

truth hampers Joe's political course. If his accusations destroy reputations, if they subvert the principle that a man is innocent until proved guilty, he is oblivious. Joe, immersed in the joy of battle, does not even seem to realize the gravity of his own charges. On countless rostrums, he has in effect accused Ambassador at Large Philip Jessup and Secretary of State Acheson of treason. This is a crime punishable by death in the U.S. Asked what he would do with Jessup if he were in charge, McCarthy has a simple answer: "Fire him." When he met Acheson in a Senate elevator, Joe grinned, introduced himself, and shook hands as if the meeting were a cordial encounter between rival baseball managers.

Tramp Dog. Outside the political arena, McCarthy is an ingratiating and friendly fellow. "He comes up to you with tail wagging and all the appeal of a tramp dog," said one colleague. "And he's just about as trustworthy." Joe was liked and respected in college, liked and respected in the Marines, liked and respected in his home town. Within five minutes or so,

flock of 10,000, but lost nearly all of them one winter when he came down with pneumonia and turned over his flock to some friends. At 18 he wangled a job as manager of a grocery store in nearby Manawa (pop. 990).

Joe's merchandising methods showed the instincts of a born political campaigner. He walked up & down the country roads, calling on farmers. Soon his store became a town meeting place. On Saturday nights, other Manawa grocers were so lonely that they would come over to help Joe wait on the crowds.

Joe's landlady, Mrs. Osterloth, nagged at him to go back to school. "You're smart, McCarthy, you're smart," she insisted. Joe went back. With typically furious energy he signed up for 16 subjects, and finished the four-year high-school course in one year.

At Marquette, Joe started in engineering, switched to law. A slugging, savage attacker, he became the college boxing champion. He worked as short-order cook, sold gravestones and calking compound, worked in a filling station until 1 a.m. On the campus he was president of his class one year, a perennial chairman of events, and knew everybody's name.

The Judge. After only four years as a lawyer, Joe decided to run for circuit judge, at the age of 29. He made few speeches, but met every farmer in the district. His specialty was sick cows. He would get the cow's symptoms, drive on to the next farm and ask the farmer what he would do for a cow with those symptoms. He kept a Dictaphone in his car, and as he drove away he would dictate a letter to the first farmer, giving the second farmer's advice as Joe's own. Both farmers would be flattered by his attention. He would get a little careless and refer to "my 89-year-old opponent"—though the rival candidate, who had served for 24 years, was only 73. Joe won handily.

Justice in Judge McCarthy's court was breezy, informal and swift. As an appellate judge observed: "There was some bad law practiced in Joe's court, and there were some good decisions—which is what happens in all lower courts." When he went on the bench, Joe practically memorized the three volumes of Jones's rules of evidence. He always made a great show of citing his reasons for a ruling, was rarely reversed. Curiously, Senator McCarthy seems never to have understood the spirit of fair play behind the rules that Judge McCarthy memorized.

After Pearl Harbor, Judge McCarthy took leave of absence and signed up with the Marines. McCarthy's war record was good but not spectacular, and he has made the most of it. He shipped overseas as an intelligence officer with a scout-bombing squadron. Nearly ten years older than most of his squadron, "Father Mac" was very popular, always scrounging beer and extra food for his unit, organizing sports, starting bull sessions. Joe volunteered to defend enlisted men, and boasts of how many courts-martial he beat for his clients.

The Hero. As an intelligence officer, Joe often went along on missions in the rear gunner's seat. He had his picture taken there, and saw that it made Wisconsin papers. Joe used to shoot up everything in sight, on the theory that any coconut tree might hide a Jap. He hated to see a crew come home with any ammunition left. On his tent, marines hung a sign: "Protect the coconut trees—Send McCarthy back to Wisconsin."

In 1944 Joe, having finished his overseas tour of duty, campaigned in Wisconsin as "Tail-Gunner Joe" against Senator Alexander Wiley, and lost. Early in 1945 Joe applied for discharge and got it.

McCarthy had entered the Marines a poor man. He had sold everything he owned for \$3,000, turned most of it over to a broker to buy International-Great Northern Railroad bonds on margin. This



MCCARTHY HOLDING PICTURE OF GUSTAVO DURAN
He said it was unbelievable—and it was.

Yale Joel—Life

investment prospered. When he returned he sold out, switched to other securities, pledged them at an Appleton bank, and played the market with the borrowed money. From 1946 to 1949, McCarthy paid no state income tax. In each year, his listed losses or interest payments exceeded his taxable income. Asked how he lived, McCarthy snaps: "Who I borrow from is none of your damned business."

Re-elected circuit judge without contest, Joe in 1946 brashly decided to take on Senator Robert ("Young Bob") La Follette in the Republican primary. He tells about meeting Phil La Follette, who asked Joe how he ever expected to beat his brother. Said Joe (as he tells it): "We've got 42 guys who are built like Bob and who have rubber masks which look exactly like him. They are going to travel the state, walking down main streets bumping into people hard and indignantly asking them who they think they are, bumping into a United States Senator." McCarthy laughs: "I'll bet he still isn't sure whether I was ribbing him." Joe beat Young Bob by a slim 5,000 votes.

"Doing Something." Nobody in Washington paid much attention to the new Senator from Wisconsin, not even after McCarthy invited eight women reporters to dinner and cooked them fried chicken himself. Joe wanted to "do something." He had a horror of Senators who quietly tended their fences and got safely re-elected term after term. He took an interest in ending sugar rationing, in the five-percenters, got himself appointed vice chairman of a joint committee on housing, and became known as a friend of the real-estate lobby.

He showed little practical interest in the fight against Communism. He voted for 7 out of 16 of the amendments to limit the scope or cut the amount of ECA and other foreign aid bills. This year, he voted for a \$500 million cut in the Mutual Security Act extending military and

economic aid to Europe. Commented a fellow Republican Senator: "McCarthy simply has never been in the picture. He's off on that stuff of his own."

McCarthy never answers criticisms, just savagely attacks the critic. Anyone who voices reservations about his methods is blasted as a "defender of Communists." The Senate resolution of Connecticut's William Benton asking his ejection charges McCarthy with misrepresentation, deception and outright perjury. Last week a subcommittee of Senators decided that the charges warranted a full investigation. McCarthy's response: the committee is trying to throw him out of the Senate "because of my fight against Communism."

He regularly tries to intimidate reporters by going over their heads to their bosses. When he denounced Drew Pearson (who is not always careful in his own accusations) as a "Kremlin mouthpiece," he demanded that Pearson's radio sponsor, Adam Hat Stores, Inc., drop him immediately, and urged the public to boycott Adam hats. The company dropped Pearson as promptly as the voters of Mary-

land had dropped Tydings—apparently fearing that their customers would do what McCarthy suggested.

To get action that fast gives a man a sense of power. McCarthy's infatuation with his own crusade has shown signs recently of being stronger than his sense of what his audience will stand. Last summer, when he spent three hours accusing General George Marshall of conspiracy to "make common cause with Stalin," all but three Senators walked out on him.

On the Hustings. West of the Alleghenies, Joe McCarthy is still bamboozling audiences. On the speaker's platform he has a sweat-stained, shirtsleeved earnestness. He stumbles, mixes his grammar, bangs the lectern hard with his fist. He dives into a huge briefcase for "documentation." He flourishes affidavits, reads from congressional hearings, waves photo-

was smuggled out of Spain on a British warship. He married an American, became a citizen in four months more than the time required by law, worked for the U.S. Government in Cuba during World War II, tracking down Axis and Communist agents. For the past five years, Duran has been working for the U.N., where he has never had anything to do with screening refugees entering the U.S. The uniform in which McCarthy shows Duran is that of the Spanish army, not of any secret police. McCarthy knows all this—but his audiences do not.

Ends & Means. Some have argued that McCarthy's end justifies his methods. This argument seems to assume that lies are required to fight Communist lies. Experience proves, however, that what the anti-Communist fight needs is truth, carefully arrived at and presented with all the

Senate hearings over the confirmation of Ambassador Jessup. Harold Stassen had been careful to say that he was raising no question of Jessup's loyalty or his affiliations; he was simply questioning Jessup's past record of judgment. One observer quickly concluded that Stassen was "the rich man's McCarthy," presumably because McCarthy had also attacked Jessup—on different and far shakier grounds.

On the other hand, a larger share of responsibility for the confusion of McCarthyism belongs to those Republican leaders who have either openly encouraged McCarthy or failed to disavow him, in the belief that he was making votes. Republican Senate Leader Kenneth Wherry recently declared that McCarthy had done the U.S. a "great service." Even Ohio's Robert A. Taft came to McCarthy's defense when Truman described Joe as "a Kremlin asset."

In less McCarthy-esque language, McCarthy can be summed up this way:

- 1) His antics foul up the necessary examination of the past mistakes of the Truman-Acheson foreign policy.
- 2) His constant imputation of treason distracts attention from the fact that patriotic men can make calamitous mistakes for which they should be held politically accountable.

3) There are never any circumstances which justify the reckless imputation of treason or other moral guilt to individuals in or out of office.

4) McCarthy's success in smearing Tydings and others generates fear of the consequences of dissent. This fear is exaggerated by the "liberals" who welcome McCarthyism as an issue; but the fear exists—and it is poison in a democracy.

Two Kinds of Bad Sentries. More than Joe McCarthy went into the making of McCarthyism. It would never have become a force if mistakes of policy had not led the U.S. into a position that alarmed the public. Long before McCarthy, the U.S. had been slipping into the lazy fallacy that all ideas, policies and political systems are approximately equal—a state of mind very different from the valid principle that all men have a right to express their ideas, however bad. Part of the U.S. public, over-tolerant of bad ideas, was a sucker for McCarthy's bigoted effort to prove that bad policy must be the work of evil, traitorous men.

In the vital debates of the day, this charge is totally irrelevant. But it is an irrelevance that compels attention. Like a man busily shooting off firecrackers in a legislative hall, McCarthy may not be persuasive, but he must be dealt with before any debate at all can progress.

Some of the sentries of the republic were asleep after the war—and some are still drowsy. The finding that they were not traitors does not answer the charge that they were bad sentries.

And the drowsy sentry is no worse sentinel than the one who maliciously cries wolf, shoots up the coconut trees, and keeps the camp in a state of alarm and confusion.



McCarthy at home with the Van Susterens
Steak? "Cremate it."

Heimann-Winslow

tostats. "Listen to this, if you will—unbelievable!", he cries.

A favorite McCarthy victim these days is Gustavo Duran. Joe flourishes a picture of Duran taken during the Spanish Civil War in what he says is "the uniform of the S.I.M.—the counterpart of the Russian secret police." He then says that Duran's American citizenship was rushed through, that he was "promoted" by the State Department to the U.N. in 1946. "And what do you think he was doing there today? Unbelievable as it is, his task was to screen displaced persons and decide which would make good, loyal Americans!"

The true story of Duran is remarkable—but nothing like McCarthy's version. Duran was a Spanish composer of music who fought in the Spanish Republican Army, rising to command of a corps. As the Spanish Loyalists split into Communist and anti-Communist factions, Duran, never a Red, was definitely and clearly anti-Communist. When defeat came, he

scrupulous regard for decency and the rights of man of which the democratic world is capable. This is the Western world's greatest asset in the struggle against Communism, and those who condone McCarthy are throwing that asset away. As the *New York Times* put the case: "He has been of no use whatever in enabling us to distinguish among sinners, fools and patriots, except in the purely negative sense that many of us have begun to suspect that there must be some good, however small, in anybody who has aroused Senator McCarthy's ire."

A very practical danger lies in this inevitable, negative reaction to McCarthy. The Administration supporters have gradually come to see that they could make capital out of "McCarthyism." If anybody criticizes the judgment of any State Department official in his past or present analysis of Communism, the cry of "McCarthyism" is raised. This McCarthyism in reverse was apparent last week in the

WOMEN

Castles & Soap

Mrs. Hiram Cole Houghton of Red Oak, Iowa, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, stepped up last week to say something about the girls. She told a meeting in Philadelphia: "We bear a greater responsibility than ever before for the preservation of our American way of life, because, first, there are so many of us; second, we live longer than men; third, we have 92 labor-saving devices to give us more leisure time to think about the affairs, events and problems of our times. We spend about 85¢ out of every dollar going for consumer goods (and we suggest what men should do with the remaining 15¢). We own most of the factories, stores, utilities and 'natural resources' . . . As voters, women now have a clear national majority of the franchise . . . Women are . . . principally responsible for the education of the young of both sexes . . . Women inspire men to do those things which they would not do for themselves alone. I submit that men do not build houses or castles or beautiful churches or diesel trains, or even make soap, for themselves. They do it for, or because of, women." As a result of all this, said Mrs. Houghton, "women were never so important as in the year 1951."

AS OTHERS SEE US

Unintimidated

The greatest strain on U.S.-British relations is the British belief that Americans do not understand that Britain would be wiped out in case of atomic war with Russia. In the *Saturday Review of Literature*, D. W. Brogan, an old hand at explaining Britons to Americans, and vice versa, puts the British concern this way:

"Some firm statements from Senators and [U.S.] publicists remind [the British] too much of the Irish landlord who wrote from London to his tenants in Connacht, 'If you think you can intimidate me by shooting my bailiff, you are much mistaken.' The English are sometimes afraid they have been tapped for bailiff."

MANNERS & MORALS

Quiet!

From the moment he arrived in the U.S. from New Malden, Surrey two years ago, a 42-year-old Briton named William George Philpot began wondering what he could do about an American trait that bothered him. At every traffic light someone behind him honked a horn. Five weeks ago in Detroit, Philpot ordered a metal sign. He bolted it to the rear of his car and set forth. The honking stopped. Last week, as a final test, he drove through clangorous Manhattan. Even there, the sign worked. Philpot sighed with relief, and set out in his self-made zone of silence for New England, listening to bird calls and watching wordless, honkless Yankees goggle as he swept by. Philpot's sign: "Hoot Away—It's Your Ulcer."

MAINE

Skirmish on Munjoy Hill

Like many another U.S. city, Portland (pop. 77,000) worries about its people's failure to take much interest in town affairs. Only 25% of its citizens bothered to vote in recent elections. In their search for a cure, Portlanders recently reinstated an old down-East tradition, the town meeting. They began holding three a year, each in a different section, with the idea of covering the city's twelve chief districts in four years.

Last week the town meeting was held at Jack Junior High School on Munjoy Hill, an old, roundabout, Irish-leavened working-class district. The Hill's toothless, white-haired 84-year-old Councilman Billy O'Brien afforded the meeting some rare advertising. "That section," he cried, "is



Associated Press

MRS. HIRAM COLE HOUGHTON
"There are so many of us."

well taken care of by yours truly. There are just a few windbags up there who want to explode. All these town meetings are a frame-up." After calling Portland's City Manager Lyman Moore and the rest of the council "a bunch of crooks," O'Brien announced that the meeting would have to get along without him.

By meeting time, as a result, almost 500 Munjoy Hill residents had crowded into the school auditorium and 100 had been turned away. The excitement began almost as soon as the city manager, the councilmen and other officials sat down on the stage. One Bob Rowe, a middle-aged postal clerk who wildly opposes the city government, rose and said: "It will be proved that Munjoy Hill has been neglected." He heckled persistently. Finally the crowd cried: "Sit down." But a fat man named William Holland was cheered when he rose, knocking a fellow citizen's hat awry, and teed off on the city manager.

Smiling Irishman. The city's snow plowing, Holland said, in a rich Irish brogue, "is a disgrace to Portland. I shovel out my driveway and the city plows fill it up again. I called the city garage and told them to clean it away. The garage said, 'Billy, you're overweight. Clean it out yourself!'" The crowd roared with laughter. Billy added good-naturedly, "We can drive you out of power on that issue alone."

But a majority at the meeting had come in a serious mood. They wanted to talk about improvements, not politics, and demanded them in no uncertain tones. At one point, when City Manager Moore noted that Portland had two garbage collections a week, the men & women of Munjoy Hill hooted with delighted sarcasm. "Once, Tuesday mornings," piped a little man in the third row. Moore seemed startled, and promised to correct it.

He was brought up short again when an irate citizen asked how long a nearby rubbish dump was going to be permitted to burn. The city manager, who lost his sense of smell apparently as the result of a sinus infection ten years ago, did not realize that the stink penetrated even into the auditorium. When he said: "It isn't burning—the city is operating a wet dump," new boos of laughter arose. He looked startled again, jotted down a changed opinion of how the dump smelled.

Toilets & Trash Baskets. The crowd voiced its feelings with acrimony on other subjects: unclean school toilets, school bus service, street trash baskets, abandoned trolley rails. But the people of Munjoy Hill did more than complain. By a show of hands, they worked out a compromise plan for night automobile parking on public streets: repeat of a present city ban except in winter when snow plows must reach the curbs. They decided they did not want to spend tax money on lights for a softball playing field.

With an air of achievement, the crowd left the hall. The first town meeting last year persuaded officials to rewrite the \$7,000,000 budget and include construction of a \$600,000 sewer project. Portland had achieved no miracles, but in trying to recapture the sturdy spirit of the New England past, it was proving that any citizen could still have his say, and at times even have his way.

NEW YORK

"Don't Jump!"

The dangers of a great city, like those of the jungle, often leave little time for thought. When smoke boiled into her 1½-room Brooklyn flat one morning last week, Mrs. Irma Randall did not hesitate. A kerosene stove had tipped over downstairs and flame was roaring up the stairway in solid sheets. After one look, she ran to the window.

Five of her nine children were safely in school. The 32-year-old mother helped her three little boys out to the narrow roof of a bay window, 30 feet above the

street, picked up her blanket-wrapped baby, and climbed out herself. A yelling crowd was gathering in the street below. Mrs. Randall dropped the baby's blanket to three men and a woman on the sidewalk and called to them to hold it up. She dropped her children one by one. The first three landed without a scratch. But the fourth, James, who was eight, was heavy. He slipped from the blanket and hit the sidewalk—safe, but bruised and bawling.

As Mrs. Randall peered down, the crowd began yelling, "Don't jump! Don't jump!" She stood there in the increasing heat in a long cotton housecoat and a pair of men's shoes and hopped from one foot to the other, frightened, ludicrous and heroic at once. A neighbor rushed up with an extension ladder, got it against the side of the building and started up. Then thick smoke and flame burst out of the windows below the woman. It drove the man off the ladder and enveloped her. She sank to the ledge and lay still. She was dead when firemen arrived, 30 minutes after the blaze had begun.

CALIFORNIA

Death of a Man from Mars

Forrest Ray Colson was a thin, pallid, blond boy. His hands were soft and white, and he wore gloves whenever possible. But for all this he wanted to be a "big hero" and have lots of girls. At 16 he left high school in Hollywood and joined the Marine Corps. He served six unrewarding years, from 1941 to 1947. He saw no action, won no medals.

Discharged, he joined the Monterey Park (Calif.) police force as a rookie. His neat uniform, pistol and dark gloves had the desired effect on females; he came to work with a girl on each arm, stole off with women when on patrol duty—and was dropped from the force. He got another job as a rookie cop on the police force of nearby Glendale. After two months the chief called him in and fired him. The reason: women, Colson picked up with his pistol, put it to his head and said, "I bet you don't think I got guts enough to pull the trigger. You wanna dare me?" The chief talked him out of it.

Colson went to Oklahoma City and moved in with his mother. The 26-year-old ex-hero seemed to have plenty of money saved; he bought a maroon and black Ford, and took occasional trips back to California, where he dropped in at the Monterey Park police station to ask for a fresh chance to become a cop.

One evening last week a woman clerk, who had just started home after her day's work at a San Gabriel, Calif., supermarket, saw a frightening apparition climb out of an automobile at the rear of the store. Its face was covered by a black mask, dark goggles and a gas respirator. It wore a black helmet decorated by three metal antennas and a skull & crossbones, was dressed in a black shirt, black pants, black boots and black gloves. It carried a shotgun, wore two bone-handled .38s on its hips and a bandoleer of shotgun shells.



© Painting by Chesley Bonestell
in *The Conquest of Space* (Viking)
"ROCKET SHIP OVER MANHATTAN"
In the asteroid belt, congestion.

The apparition strode through a back door of the supermarket. The woman ran for a telephone and called the police. The masked figure had been robbing suburban Los Angeles supermarkets for ten months, had gotten away with more than \$50,000. Anywhere else a man in a space suit would have attracted attention; but in Southern California eccentrics were so common that supermarket clerks refused, until too late, to get excited at the appearance of a man



Associated Press
COP IN COLSON'S UNIFORM
In Los Angeles, no oddity.

from Mars. But this time the police arrived just as the apparition was leaving the store, clutching \$13,675 in a canvas bank bag. As it began leveling its shotgun, a patrolman fired one shot from the hip. The figure fell, shot through the temple. The cops pulled off the mask and helmet, and there lay Forrest Ray Colson—back in uniform. He died two hours later.

OPINION

Watch on the Earth

Somebody is always rising to announce that mankind has arrived at a dead end, or at least a stop light. In the October issue of *Harper's*, a new warning voice rolls out, announcing that civilization's "400-year boom" is over because civilized nations have no more geographical frontiers to push back. The voice comes, oddly enough, from Texas. It belongs to Professor Walter Prescott Webb, a thoughtful student of history.

In Manhattan, some 300 scientists, doctors, astronomers, engineers, aviators and lawyers were too busy to hear it. They were gathered at the Hayden Planetarium for the first annual Symposium on Space Travel, and they were loading up modern Conestoga wagons for the interstellar frontiers.

If a rocket ship is to avoid collisions with meteors, said Dr. Fred L. Whipple, chairman of Harvard's department of astronomy, it should keep pretty well out of the orbits of the earth and the comets, and particularly try to detour around the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter. But a collision with a meteor won't necessarily be fatal. "Most penetration," said Dr. Whipple, "could be eliminated by a 'meteor bumper,' a second skin of small thickness a short distance outside the true skin of the ship. Meteorites would explode on that bumper and lose most of their power of penetration."

From the Air Force's department of space medicine, Dr. Heinz Haber spoke up. Said he: "The weightless condition to which a space pilot would be subjected . . . is not going to influence breathing or circulation noticeably—it is the nervous system that needs watching."

A lawyer, Oscar Schachter, deputy director of the United Nations Legal Division, raised the question of who owns space. He suggested that all space beyond a planet's atmosphere be designated as a sort of 'high seas,' open to all comers under a kind of interplanetary admiralty law.

Rocket Expert Dr. Willy Ley wanted to get going on plans for a rocket platform to be shot out beyond the atmosphere so it would rotate around the earth, like the moon, as one of earth's satellites. Such a satellite would be a marker for navigators, a refueling station for interplanetary pilots, and a wonderful "earth-watching platform," said he.

Dr. Webb and his disappearing frontier to the contrary, it appears that there is still considerable elbow room over the next ridge.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Under the Tent

At the mud-hut village of Panmunjom, the place agreed on as the new site for cease-fire talks, the Communists put up a large tent. Under it, Communist and U.N. liaison officers met last week to haggle—not over peace, but over how wide the neutral zone must be in which to discuss the peace. At this point, two U.N. planes, strafing the Kaesong neutral area by mistake, killed a twelve-year-old Korean boy and wounded his two-year-old brother. After an investigation, General Matt Ridgeway accepted responsibility for the occurrence, expressed his "heartfelt grief" and promised "prompt and appropriate disciplinary action."

The Red protest had been mild, almost perfunctory. Since the incident had been real and not a piece of propaganda trumpety, the Reds seemed almost to regard it as only a nuisance. For reasons of their own—perhaps the weight of allied firepower in the battle zones—they seemed anxious to get on with the truce talks.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Versatile Whirlybirds

Last week, on the front north of the Punchbowl, a whole battalion of marines—nearly 1,000 men—was moved to a mountainous front-line sector by helicopter, in the largest operation of its kind to date. Twelve big Sikorskys made a total of 162 round trips, finishing the job, without a hitch or a casualty, in 6 hr. 15 min., almost an hour ahead of schedule. The landing point was within range of enemy mortar positions, but apparently the Reds could not see what was going on; no hostile fire was received.

Marines jubilantly talked about a new weapon of war. Since World War II, they have experimented with 'copters for amphibious assaults; the Korean experiment is an imaginative adaptation of this plan. If trucks had been used for last week's job, 175 would have been required, and the men would have arrived tired and shaken up after jouncing over rough roads. As it was, they disembarked fresh and alert.

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department reports 7,016 more U.S. battle casualties in Korea (including 1,154 killed in action) during the period from Sept. 7 to Oct. 5, bringing total U.S. battle casualties to 88,012. The breakdown:

DEAD	15,063
WOUNDED	62,105
MISSING	10,672
CAPTURED	172

Total casualties by services: Army, 70,747; Marine Corps, 15,432; Navy, 1,051; Air Force, 782.

The low-flying, slow (85 to 95 m.p.h.) 'copters—also known as "whirlybirds," "egg beaters," "windmills"—would be sitting ducks against hostile fighter planes, or, over flat terrain, against determined antiaircraft fire. But in Korea, the U.N. controls the air over the front lines, and the same mountains that make the 'copters so useful enable them to hug the valleys and screen themselves behind ridge-lines. They have proved their versatility. For months they have been used as flying ambulances, as aerial telephone-wire layers, for command tours of the front, for quick shipments of emergency supplies and weapons. Emboldened, marines expect to try them out in night troop movements, working closer to enemy guns than they have up to now.

Other highlights of last week's action:

¶ Wielding flamethrowers and white-phosphorous grenades, gallant doughfeet

that the North Korean army was "practically nonexistent." A Chinese corps of 30,000 men was observed moving eastward to back up the mangled Korean Reds. ¶ General Van Fleet appeared to be hitting the enemy with a sort of one-two punch. While his western-front offensive suddenly tapered off, a new drive involving three allied divisions (one U.S., two South Korean) was launched at Kumsong, the Reds' main supply and assembly base on the central front.

¶ The Reds proved that they had not been bludgeoned into inertia. In the west, they hit the 1st Cavalry Division with 5,300 artillery and mortar shells in two days, and with 300 rockets in one hour (World War II Katyushas, fired from multiple launchers mounted on trucks). In the same sector, a weakened battalion of the 7th Cavalry Regiment* was attacked from three sides, overrun and cut to ribbons.



1ST CAVALRY DOUGHFEET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
Katyushas, grenades and gallant G.I.s.

Associated Press

of the U.S. 2nd Division and attached French overran the last, northernmost peak of Heartbreak Ridge, where a few diehard North Koreans were holding out from a fortified bowl-shaped depression on top. The attackers were aided by tank columns which ranged up the valleys on both sides of the ridge, blasting the Communist positions on top and on the slopes. The peak was so precariously held by the allies that they were dislodged—for twelve hours—by a Red counterattack in less than company strength. Then the U.N. forces took it again, and began mopping up in the nearby hills to prevent another counterattack.

¶ Losses on both sides, for the past month, have been heavy (*see box*). An Eighth Army spokesman said that, according to "rock-bottom" front-line estimates, the enemy had lost 16,700 men in the week ending Oct. 17. One captured North Korean officer said that his 4,000-man outfit had lost half its strength; another said

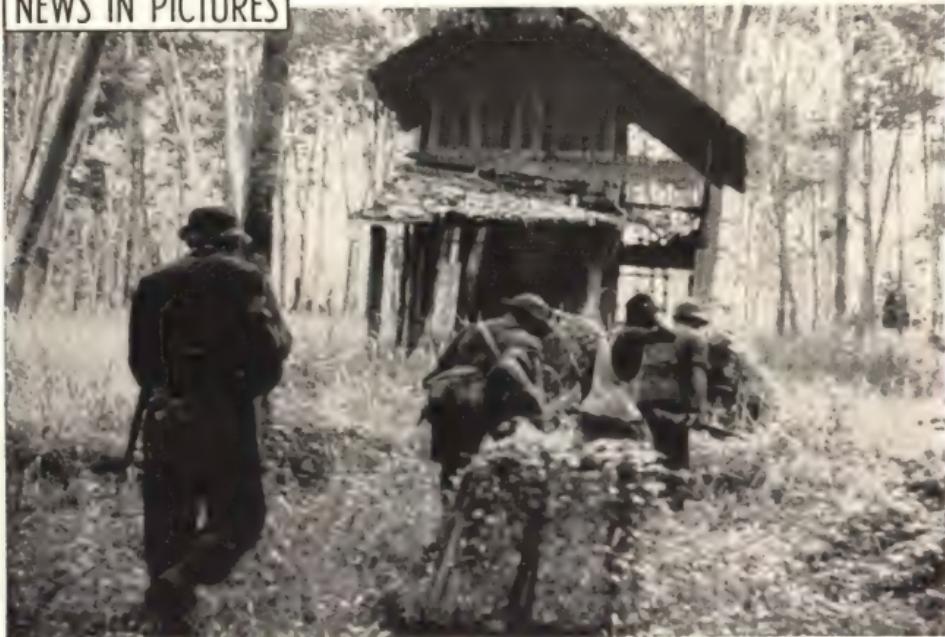
WAR AT SEA

Mines Ahead

Steaming off the North Korean east-coast port of Hungnam last week, her 5-in. guns blasting at enemy installations, the U.S. destroyer *Ernest G. Small* (2,400 tons) hit a mine. Holed below the waterline in a forward compartment, the *Small* made Kure, Japan, under her own power, but eight of her crew were dead, 18 injured. She was the eighth U.S. Navy vessel to strike a Communist mine. Mines, cheap to lay, hard to find and hazardous to hit, are the real peril of the Korean seas. Communists lay them at night from sampans, frigates, barges and junks. They even drift them downriver. The location and dispersion of mines on the east coast above the 38th parallel indicate that some may be sown by Russian submarines.

* The same regiment that was wiped out under Custer, at the Little Big Horn, in 1876.

NEWS IN PICTURES



BRITISH PATROL, combing the Malay jungle, brings in a Red suspect; more than 25,000 British, Gurkha and Malayan troops,

British Information Bureau

plus 110,000 police, are engaged in the bitter 40-month-old "little Communist war" against well-organized, Chinese-led guerrillas.



ROMAN COLOSSEUM, unused for 15 centuries (since gladiator fights were banned), was refurbished with wooden flooring and oil

Acme

torches for Verdi concert. In ancient arena where lions feasted on Christians, crowd of 3,000 music lovers munched popcorn & peanuts.



Associated Press

ROYAL SQUARE DANCE, at Ottawa party, was one of the high points of Elizabeth and Philip's busy first week in Canada. Couple



Associated Press

compared American hoedown steps with Scottish reels, and "do-si-doed" like experts with 80 guests of Governor General Alexander.



Associated Press

STATE DINNER, given by Quebec's Premier Duplessis (right), found dignified Elizabeth looking like a queen, as she did at scores

of formal functions—reviewing troops efficiently, accepting bouquets graciously, waving with royal restraint to cheering crowds.

THE BRITISH ELECTION

The Campaign Hots Up

With the General Election less than two weeks away, Labor, behind in the public opinion polls, was fighting hard, and with any weapon that came to hand. In the shadow of 900-year-old Norwich Cathedral, Labor M.P. John Paton thumped out a message to his constituents: "Tory policy means war." In suburban London, another Socialist denounced the Tory candidate: "Nothing but a bloody warmonger." Labor placards in grimy, bomb-battered Liverpool proclaimed: "A third Labor government or a third World War!"

The "war party" label was a good (though unfair) line for Labor—and the Tories knew it. The Tories, who had been hammering away at Labor's timid foreign policy, quickly switched to "bread and butter politics." They attacked high prices, small rations of butter and meat and Labor's failure to build enough houses to replace those destroyed in World War II. New Tory posters appeared showing an infant grumbling, "The way things are, I shall be grown up before I get my house."

The campaign was hotting up. Party headquarters supplied "scientific questions" for hecklers to ask at opposition meetings. Sample Tory heckle: "Mr. Bevan, do you and Attlee agree on policy?" Sample Labor heckle: "Isn't it true that prices in Britain have risen less than in any other major nation?"

Laborites were counting heavily on Clement Attlee to pull a Truman. They do have some things in common. People are apt to write Attlee off too easily; lacking greatness, he impresses by his plainness. And he is a fighter. Last week he set off on an eight-day, 1,000-mile, 53-speach Trumansque "whistle-stop" tour of Britain, talking up a "fair deal to all the people." His flat, colorless words conjured up, in the minds of thousands of north country folk, deep-seated memories of "dark Satanic mills," unemployment and poverty—the evils which millions of British Socialists instinctively associate with Toryism.

Clem Attlee's tour served Labor well by reviving the class hatreds born in "the bad old days." One of Labor's political weaknesses is that a new generation is growing up with little experience of such "capitalist exploitation." At Labor meetings, sometimes as many as two-thirds are people in their 30s. Grumbled one old die-hard: "The youngsters will ruin us. They're too young to remember Tory misrule."

Sometimes Labor's haymakers swung wide. In the village of Caister outside Yarmouth, an elderly lady rose and quietly asked Labor M.P. Ernest Kinghorn: "Why can't the government take off the purchase tax, at least on essentials? I find it so hard to make our money cover all the necessities." Others in the audience applauded. Kinghorn jumped up and shouted: "I want all of you who applauded to raise your hands." Sheepishly a few listeners raised hands. Then Kinghorn demanded: "Now how many of you have false teeth provided by the government?" There was a moment's shocked silence, then embarrassed titters. He won no votes that way.

As the parties' faithful doorbell ringers trudged into the last few days of electioneering, public opinion polls showed the Tories still ahead, but the gap was narrowing fast. Conservatives who last month hopefully predicted a 100-seat majority in the new House of Commons now talked grimly of squeezing into power with a slimmer, 20-to-50 majority.

The Tories

This report on Britain's election was cabled by TIME Correspondent André Laguerre:

WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL is fond of his collection of goldfish. When he approaches their pools in the lovely grounds of his country house at Chartwell Manor in Kent, the goldfish dart eagerly toward him. Churchill, wearing his familiar siren suit, an overcoat of a peculiarly bilious pea green draped over his shoulders, was feeding them one afternoon this week. One hand held the inevitable black cigar, and the other dipped into the tin of fish food proffered by his bodyguard.

"I won't be doing this much longer," he observed. "In a week or two they will go to the bottom of the pool to hibernate. Just as well, perhaps. I might be too busy."

Whether he will be busy as Prime Minister or again as leader of His Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons about to be elected was, of course, a question vitally preoccupying Britain, the world, and Winston Churchill.

When I arrived at Chartwell I was greeted with a quick-fire question: "What is your idea about it all? Now, don't say something to please me."

"Well, sir, I think it would be a good thing for most people if you won this election."

Gruffly, Churchill shot back: "It will be a very hard thing for people if I win, I can promise you that. They will all have to do very much more."

Churchill, in the words of a friend, "wants sweat and tears, in order to avoid the blood"—and so that when we

think of Great Britain we don't have to visualize the first word in inverted commas."

To a nation economically over-extended, vitiated by controls and egalitarianism, puzzled and upset by loss of prestige overseas, and in the main jealously attached to the social gains made by her poorer classes since the war, Winston Churchill this week broadcast a jesting reminder: "The day is Oct. 25—make a note of it in your diary."

About four registered electors in five will remember, and vote. The betting in London is a little under 2 to 1 that they will return the Tories to office. The present Labor majority is so razor-thin that a small swing would bring Churchill back. Labor holds 54 seats by fewer than 3,000 votes. No landslide is needed—merely a consistent trickle—to give the Tories a majority of 40 or 50 seats, which they regard as the minimum with which they could work for five years.

The Tories have a better prospect of winning this election than they had in 1945 or 1950. But they are not improving their chances with a campaign which is being less smartly conducted than Labor's.

The Iranian issue, which the Tories have ridden hard, is not quite as advantageous for the Tories as it ought to be. Churchill is justified in saying that Labor's Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison does not have the right to put the question, "Well, would you have gone to war to save the oil?", because if Churchill had been in office the situation would not have arisen. But the fact remains that Morrison does ask the question, and so do Socialists all over the country.

Where the Tories are confident of having made inroads is not in the organized union vote, but in areas of small industry and



International
LABOR'S ATTLEE & WIFE ON ELECTION TOUR

commerce. I found on a trip through the Midlands that the lack of incentive to do a good job worried people.

"I want to farm," said a gaitered man from Leicester. "If I have a hand who works better than the others, I want to pay him more. That's good for him, and good for me—good for everyone, isn't it?"

Abbey House (Tory headquarters in London) knows that the rising cost of living, and especially the absence of any constructive Labor approach to current and looming threats to the standard of living, are the Tories' best talking points.

Britain, on the threshold of 1951's winter, must cope with a mounting and perilous trade deficit. Her money has lost a quarter of its purchasing power in six years. She is taxed to the hilt. Prices have inflated faster than pay packets, and food this summer was 40% more expensive than in 1947. Dissatisfaction with nationalization and with controls is rife.

"Hundreds of new, unnecessary jobs . . . The old bosses weren't much good, but at least you knew who they were. And they never put experienced chaps under some young cockspur from Whitehall," complained a railroadman in Coventry.

And yet—the Tories have not fully exploited these openings.

Memories of Dewey & Victoria

It took me days to get close to real Tory intentions on certain issues, so it is easy to understand the busy voter's uneasiness about the generalities with which he is being fed.

Partly this is because Tory leaders themselves are vague or divided about just what they would do if returned to power, and find more convenient an empirical attitude: "We'll see when we have to tackle the problem and get all the facts"—which also assumes that those problems will be better tackled by practical Tories than by Socialist theorists. Partly it is due to what Lord Woolton—"Uncle Fred," the mild, silvery-haired and able chairman of the party's central office—calls "Deweyism." Overconfidence, that is, which in this case takes the form of assuming that the Tories can ride to office on Labor's bad record.

"What we tend to forget," said a Tory campaign manager, a brainy and broadminded Yorkshireman, "is that Labor also rests on its record. We tend to forget that a grumbler is not necessarily a Tory convert. We tend to forget the vast blocs of solid Labor voters—the millions of workers who don't realize that it was Hitler, who beggared the world of goods, and not the Socialists, who created the conditions for full employment."

The obverse is also true. There are millions of Britons who have been taught to revile the consequences of the harsh Victorian economy, and who are convinced that the Tory aim is to restore the privileges of the governing class.

To win, the Tories will have to convince these millions that they are a truly national party. First evidence of the transformation of the Tory Party since the shock of its 1945 defeat can be seen in its very structure. Then it had three-quarters of a million dues-paying members—now it has 2,500,000, including 200,000 members aged between 18 and 30.

Accent on Youth

This intake of youth is the most important factor in the new Toryism. Nearly too young or youngish new Tory M.P.s invaded the House of Commons after the 1950 elections. I have talked with many of them, and found them impressive. Dynamic and free of prejudice, they surely represent the most hopeful element in British politics today. Coming from the middle classes rather than the great families, they have not yet inspired the confidence of the mass of workers. Given the chance, that should be only a question of time.

The biggest question about Toryism today is whether the "Young Turks" will soon be having a decisive say in making party policy. They are not conservative, for they seek change. They are not reactionary, for they do not want their party to

return to what it was before. They are creators, architects of a new Britain which can merge the best of her traditions with the lessons learned from the past. The young Tories are typified by David Eccles (Time, Oct. 8), himself the most talked-about young Tory, and one of the most impressive.

The man who said, "The ownership of property . . . comes as a reward for work; it's no longer a passport to the good graces of the Tory Party," is the son of a surgeon and married to the daughter of the late Viscount Dawson of Penn, who used to sign George V's medical bulletins. Eccles' wife, Sybil, is dark, intelligent, and rated about the party's best woman speaker.

Eccles, 47, has a quality that is much rarer in Britain than in the U.S.: a rather studied personality adapted to the role he wants to play in life. Tall and incredibly good-looking—a TV natural—his manner has just the right combination of good form and easy friendliness. He certainly knows how to put things so that the cloth-capped worker will understand them, and he has a gift for the happy phrase. Eccles on wage controls: ". . . I have been against the wage freeze. Bad chancellors resort to it as drunkards cling to lamposts, not to light themselves on their way but to conceal their own instability."

Some of the older Tories look down their noses at Eccles as a brash publicity hunter. The truth is that he is a very good man whose reputation is likely to spread all over the world in the next decade.

Ernest Marples is another booming young Tory. Aged 44, short, wavy-haired and precise of speech, he was born in a worker's home in Manchester. He came to London to seek his fortune, and before he was 40 had found it—building apartments. He had sworn not to enter politics until he was financially independent—"so I should never be tempted to take a post or make a speech because my job depended on it"—and was elected an M.P. in 1945.

A man of drive and considerable assurance—the success type, if ever there was one—Marples is today the enlightened managing director of a big London civil engineering and building business. Marples' specialty is housing. The Tories, with the re-introduction of free enterprise, aim to build 300,000 houses a year. In the big debate on housing last fall, Churchill called on Marples, whose success against the formidable Bevan on that occasion gave him a political standing overnight.

Far less spectacular than Eccles or Marples is a quiet, relatively unknown, 47-year-old lawyer named John Selwyn Lloyd. Lloyd has a fine brain, and is devastating in debate. Lloyd is very much of a late-comer, but all the insiders speak of him with respect. And he is liked by his elders, which helps. He typifies the millions of middle-class young Britons who went through the war, understand the element of Christian generosity in the Labor movement which saved it from tawdriness, and desperately want to build an improving life for themselves and contribute to the progress of their countrymen. Selwyn Lloyd may advance slowly, but he will advance surely.

The Flannel Group

This trio by no means exhausts the list of impressive Tory backbenchers. Indeed, the one thing which is more striking than their quality is their quantity. Within their party, the young Tories have to fight not so much active opposition as passive resistance, the exponents of which they have irreverently called "the flannel group" (because flannel, unlike a brick wall, resists while giving way).

Tory flannelism can still be met in small swatches everywhere. It exists on the Tory backbenches, where there are still men who see every Laborite as a bolshevik and every reform as a snare of Satan. Most importantly, it exists among the Tory bosses. Churchill himself is a problem. He usually runs the Tory Party rather like a British public school, where boys do not advance much out of their turn, and juniors do not supplant prefects.

Moreover, Churchill is passionately loyal, and when a man in



MARPLES
Courtesy



ECCLES
Courtesy



J. SELWYN LLOYD
Courtesy

his 77th year returns to power after being loyal all his political life, he is liable to bring with him a certain amount of dead or dying weight. Over a late drink in a West End club, young Tories have confided that they wish "someone would mow the front bench down with a machine gun," or that "the old man, God bless him, would throw in the towel." They feel that some senior Tories have no communion with the new Britain.

The Seniors

In fact, several of the most important Tories after Churchill are sympathetic with the new Toryism.

Anthony Eden—"my trusted deputy," as Churchill has pointedly called him—is now the designated dauphin of the party. There is a view widely held among Tories that Churchill, whose health is uncertain and who needs rest, might not stay more than a year or so in office if elected. Then, having given the impulsion of his prestige and authority to the re-establishment of the British international position, he might hand over the reins to Eden.

At 54, Eden retains much of the glamour of the handsome, Homburg-hatted Foreign Secretary of the '30s. He is the party's only big drawing card apart from Churchill, and is a much better House of Commons man than his leader, who is growing deaf and is often querulous or outpaced in debate. Eden knows just how much M.P.s will take. He never makes the mistake of seeming virulent or spiteful—and is a past master at the British art of making a speech which seems to be above party politics.

Eden encourages the young Tories. He is nice to them—but then, he is nice to everyone, and that is perhaps why many sense a streak of weakness in his character.

By far the most impressive of the senior Tory leaders is 51-year-old Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, sometimes known as "deadpan David." A lawyer, he "took silk" when he was 33; only one man in British legal history did it at an earlier age, and that was in 1668. Attorney General in 1945, he was deputy chief prosecutor at the Nürnberg trials.

He is a man with an absolutely first-class mind. If the Tories get in, Sir David will probably be Minister of Labor. This would be a key job in any Tory government, because success in the No. 1 aim of Conservative policy—to step up production—could obviously be attained only with cooperation from the trade unions.

Maxwell Fyfe has a nervous manner, is a poor public speaker, and has little crowd appeal. But these are not insurmountable handicaps in British politics, and success in dealing with organized labor could make him the most important Tory in the land. He is a hero to many of the young Tories.

Bigger Cake & Lingering Controls

The clash between the young Tories and the "flannel group" is shown in Tory policy, as set out in convenient lack of detail for the election. Churchill himself is suspicious of new approaches to economic problems, and recently growled at a specialist:

"You economic experts always make it sound so complicated. After all, it's only barter." (Deep and disgusted Churchillian accent on the last word.)

In emphasis, the split among Tories is as sharp as it is between Attlee and Bevan. The young men, for example, want to attack monopolies immediately. There is no anti-trust legislation in Britain, and about one-third of British industry is monopolistic. In denationalizing steel, the seniors are thinking of refloating the industry on the old lines, while the juniors would like to have blocs of small shares either given or made available to workers employed in the industry.

The older men mean to cut taxation first by reducing government expenditure and then by gradually building up production. The young Tories want to go all out for increased productivity from the start: "We are much more interested in having a bigger cake than in reallocating this one."

The divergence does not lie simply between the young and

impatient and the old and wary. Some of the latter are not fully aware of the importance of directly associating the workers with their efforts, and perhaps underestimate the extent to which Britain can still be galvanized by inspiring leadership in a well-explained common cause.

The emphasis which all Tories place on the re-introduction of incentives to work and the competitive element does not mean that they could abolish controls overnight. The coal, railroad and road transport industries will not be denationalized. But they will be decentralized, state control will be made remoter, and management transferred as far as possible from Whitehall.

The free national health service will certainly take a slash from the Tories, who say with sincerity that there is a minimum standard of living below which they will allow none to sink. They also like to claim that they will provide the same social services at less cost, which is electoral nonsense. One idea that the Tory brain-trusters are now considering is to make a charge for inexpensive medical drugs or treatment for minor ailments, but to give expensive drugs and major attention free to those who cannot afford to pay.

The Differences That Matter

There are no important differences between Tories on defense and foreign policy. Together they criticize Labor's administration of the defense program, but do not think a greater effort possible at this time.

Tory quarrels with Labor on foreign policy boil down to the claim that Eden would be a more efficient Foreign Secretary. Says one Tory: "The process has always had three stages. The first is a statement by Mr. Churchill of the necessary course to take, the second a denunciation by the Prime Minister of Mr. Churchill's ideas as puerile, the third the adoption of Mr. Churchill's ideas by the government."

From all these circumstances has grown one of the most widespread illusions about this crucial election: that little really separates Tories from Socialists. In fact, there are two all-important differences: 1) the difference between the man who believes in free enterprise, and only imposes controls when he sees no alternative, and the man who believes in state ownership and planning for their own sake; 2) the presence of Ny Bevan. No one doubts the patriotism of Mr. Attlee or that of the Labor Party, and Attlee has never weakened on the defense program, but it is evident that if he returned to power he would have trouble putting it over in the face of Bevan's opposition in his own party. Bevan believes that the Russian threat is exaggerated, and that Americans are "atom happy."

It is hard to dodge a conclusion that the Briton who is willing and able to take more than a narrow view of his own interest must take a chance with the Tories. But, at election time, it would be Utopian to expect everyone to take more than a narrow view of his own interests. Looked at in that lazy but human light, the Tories ask for more hard work before they can promise rewards, while Labor offers the comforts as well as the inconveniences of inflation, plus the vague assurance that somehow everyone will be looked after.

The Tories are appealing not to the Briton's traditional ability to tighten his belt, but—and profoundly—to his sense of human and national greatness.

Greatness is a subject upon which the Englishman is usually inarticulate. But the Tories like Selwyn Lloyd and David Eccles are deeply conscious of it. They know that this is a country which must live on its wits, not on its resources. They know that the Briton is born with, or has acquired through the centuries, a gift for leadership which the world can ill afford to spare. They know Britons are tired, but they don't think Britons are ready to abdicate.

In the continuity of British life, in the strength of the fabric of its body politic—of so much stern stuff, despite all buffettings, than that of any other European nation—in its fidelity to the old standards, combined with its curiosity about new horizons—in all these things there is evidence that the feelings of men like Eccles and Lloyd are shared by the great majority of Britons. How far they are shared, the poll next week will show.



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FYFE



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"98"

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FOREIGN NEWS

PAKISTAN

The Murder of Liaquat

In the town of Rawalpindi, on the precarious frontier where India and Pakistan contend for the rich prize of Kashmir, an assassin's bullets rang out this week. They hit and fatally wounded Liaquat Ali Khan, 56, the chubby, able and moderate Prime Minister of Pakistan as he was making a speech to a crowded meeting. His assassin, a Moslem fanatic of a sect which favors holy war against India, was reported "torn to pieces" by the crowd.

Liaquat, who visited the U.S. last year, was a friend of the West, and an enemy of Communism. An Oxford-educated lawyer, who commonly wore Western business clothes and a Persian lamb cap, Liaquat helped the late Mohammed Ali Jinnah achieve the separation of Pakistan as a state in the 1947 partition of India, and succeeded Jinnah as its ruler. In the restive world of Islam, where the way of the moderate is hard, he was the 13th political figure since 1945, and the fifth this year, to be brought down by an assassin.

MIDDLE EAST

In Mossadeq's Wake

All over the Middle East last week, men with old hatreds seized new opportunities.

The daddy of all the troubles, long underestimated Mr. Mossadeq of Iran, sat in Room 1619 of New York Hospital's George F. Baker Pavilion, while U.N. officials, Asiatic friends and U.S. diplomats tiptoed to his bedside. Though he had won a spectacular reputation for fainting at appropriate moments, he was pronounced in good health by U.S. doctors. After that, he quietly moved himself to the Ritz Tower. He was in New York to tell the U.N. Security Council (and a nationwide TV audience) that it had no business interfering with Iran's decision to kick out the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. State Department men, noting that he had brought along his oil experts, thought the aged Premier might be willing to discuss some other arrangement whereby the West would still get the oil. The British thought it would be tough going. Said one: "Impossible type, you know."

Ready with Demands. Mossadeq's example was admiringly watched and quickly followed in the Middle East. In Egypt, 75-year-old Premier Mustafa Nahas Pasha, who like Mossadeq has spent most of his life baiting the British, seized the chance of a lifetime, jumped on the British with rough demands that they vacate the Suez Canal zone and the Sudan (see col. 3).

Three days later, in Iraq (Iran's sparsely populated but oil-fat neighbor), more anti-British demands were announced. Premier Nuri es-Said requested "revision" of a 1930 treaty which grants the British two air bases in Iraq, along the air route to India. Nuri has a reputation as an old friend of England, and his demands were

diplomatically made, but even he assumed the proper anti-British posture. There was a reason: Egypt, the strongest Arab nation, had arranged through the Arab League for Iraq to follow Egypt's lead.

With these new—and in Egypt's case reckless—demands, the West faced the possibility of a power vacuum in an area where Russia, since Czarist days, has been trying to expand. For the U.S., the situation recalled a parallel: Greece in 1947. Then, declining power had forced the



Robert Cohen—A.G.I.P.
EGYPT'S EL NAHAS PASHA
Would fighting start?

British to withdraw their troops, and the U.S. had assumed Britain's obligations, rather than let the area go by default to Communist penetration.

Ready with a Plan. In Iran, the U.S. was unenthusiastic about taking Britain's side, yet unwilling to take Britain's place. In Egypt, trouble had been foreseen. The U.S., Britain, France and Turkey had long been at work on a plan. When Nahas Pasha—who knew the plan was coming—sound off, the State Department hastily unveiled it. Its main features:

- ¶ Replace British control of the Suez with a new five-power agreement setting up a Middle East Command. Founder members: U.S., Britain, France, Turkey and Egypt.
- ¶ Set up headquarters of the command in Egypt, for joint Suez Canal defense. Suggested initial donors of troops: Britain and Egypt.
- ¶ Establish the principle that other nations, including the U.S., contribute to Middle Eastern security.

This week, Egypt cockily rejected the plan. But the West was not intending to let Egypt become another Iran. Britain announced that she was staying put—by force if necessary.

EGYPT

Britain: Get Out

"The impression has got about the world," said Winston Churchill recently, "that we have only to be threatened to clear out of any place." One man who is clearly under this impression is Egypt's El Nahas Pasha. In a 90-minute speech before Egypt's noisy Parliament last week, he demanded: 1) evacuation of all British forces (some 35,000 troops, and lighter planes) from the strategic Suez Canal zone; 2) a constitutional amendment incorporating the Sudan into a new Nile kingdom of "Egypt and Sudan" (the Sudanese had not been consulted, but Nahas Pasha promised them a separate parliament, provided that Egypt could veto its laws and keep control of finance, military affairs and foreign policy); 3) a new title for King Farouk: "King of Egypt and Sudan." Parliament enthusiastically vowed to stay in session until these demands were written into law.

Diverting Attention. In the streets of Cairo, excited students (thoughtfully given a holiday for the occasion) celebrated Nahas Pasha's new policy by smashing windows and ransacking foreign stores.

Hero of the hour was plump and platitudinous Mohammed Salah el Din, 49, Foreign Minister in Nahas Pasha's Wafid cabinet. Smiling Salah el Din is a dedicated nationalist with an extraordinarily sensitive skin (he breaks out in spots when exposed to Egypt's hot sunshine, never ventures outside without a protecting umbrella and gloves). His single-minded policy since his appointment last year: use every means—if necessary, threaten appeals to Russia—to get rid of those British and grab the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. To him, the Suez is dust in the enemy's eye; since Egypt depends for its life on the waters of the Nile, his real object is the river's headwaters in the Sudan.

At first, ailing Nahas Pasha—who probably would like to see the British stay in Suez as a defensive screen against the hated Israelis—resisted his Foreign Minister's plans. But, being under attack for his government's corrupt mismanagement of Egyptian finances, he was content—as Egyptian politicians always have been—to divert attention from his own sins by denouncing Britain's.

Digging In. Britain's stiff reaction to Egypt's demands did not frighten the Egyptians. They talked of plans to deprive British forces of water, food, electricity and the use of Egyptian roads, harbors and telephone lines.

Britain ordered her tough, desert-hardened Suez garrison to stand fast, and alerted reinforcements in Cyprus. The R.A.F. laid plans to airlift supplies to Suez in case of emergency. Would fighting break out in Egypt? Not unless "somebody else" starts it, said British Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison.



Alfred Miller—AGFA, Sondau, © Heimke Winterer

INDUSTRIALISTS SCHLIEKER, HABERLAND, BERG & HARDERS
A throb and a hum under reddened skies.

GERMANY

Strength for the West

At war's end Germany's economy was as flat and hunched up as a hamburger, but not nearly so nourishing.

Today the remarkable fact is that Western Germany is pouring out more goods of all kinds than in 1938, the peak year of Göring's arms drive. From the Baltic shores to the rolling green hills of Bavaria, there is a throb and a hum. On the wide, sweeping autobahns there are more cars than ever before in German history. Building of houses is up to America's boom-time rate. Once shattered and chilled by Allied bombs, the Ruhr's blast furnaces this week were hot and glowing, reddening the night sky with a dramatic picture of economic resurgence.

Total German output is now 128% of 1936's. Production of iron ore, crude oil, light metal products, artificial fibers, optical and precision instruments has reached an alltime high.

What has done this? There are many factors, but basically the answer is a mixture of American dollars (over \$4 billion in aid of all kinds) and German energy.

And who are the men who have stirred the mixture? They are a curious class: tough and hard-driving, acute in their business dealings yet politically obtuse, often irresponsible.

Until U.S. pressure induced Bonn to choke off the flow of strategic materials to the Soviets, many of these businessmen who consider themselves anti-Communists had complacently fattened their purses and paunches by slipping steel and machinery to the Russians.

WILLY HERMANN SCHLIEKER is the outstanding example of this type. Only 37, Schlieker is one of the Ruhr's ablest, richest (total 1950 business: \$24 million) operators in the steel business. Son of a poor Hamburg ship fitter, he started work at 16 as an SS typist, joined the Nazi Party in 1941. He has twice reorganized the German steel industry; once for Hitler's war production boss, Albert Speer, later for the Allies. With similar impartiality, he shipped \$12 million worth of goods to the Soviets in 1949-50. Then, when Bonn clamped down on this trade,

he switched westward, made \$700,000 profit this year out of trading German steel for U.S. coal. Schlieker now claims to be a reformed character. To prove it, he recently gave Düsseldorf \$475,000 for workers' housing. A British dossier concludes: "Schlieker is a ruthless opportunist, vain, ambitious and egotistical . . . With his ability, ruthlessness and adaptability, he seems destined for a leading role in Ruhr industry whatever form of organization it adopts in the future."

FRIEDRICH HARDERS at 42 is chief trustee of Dortmund-Hörder Hüttent Union, Germany's largest steel company. He is a single-minded technician. Never a Nazi Party member, he still knows or cares little about politics but has managed to reach the conclusion that exporting to the East is bad "for the moment": "You can't send people iron and steel if there's a danger of their using it against you."

ULRICH HABERLAND, 50, is the temperamental boss of Leverkusen's huge Bayer works (biggest single chunk of the I. G. Farben chemical empire now being decar-

tivated). Ex-Nazi son of an East German clergyman, he now claims to be apolitical. He is the reviving chemical industry's chief business strategist.

FRITZ BERG, 50, is the bustling prototype of the smaller German industrialist. Sole owner and boss of seven small metal works, he also heads the German equivalent of the N.A.M. A traditionalist, he fits right into the feudal atmosphere of his home town Altena with its margravial castle (1122) on the heights, its grimy, smoking industries below. Berg was a Nazi Party member from 1937 to 1945.

Such men are hardly the stuff from which sturdy democracies are made. Yet they, as much as Konrad Adenauer's government, have made truncated West Germany a going concern. Serving their own interests, they also serve the West. For a resurrected Germany, economically and politically linked to NATO, may decisively swing the European balance of power against Russia.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

A Pact with Pavel

"Because we love you [President Gottwald], because we love the great Generalissimo Stalin, and because we know you are leading us to a happy future." This was the reason, according to official Czech propaganda, why 77 involuntary passengers on the famed Freedom Train to Germany (TIME, Sept. 24) returned voluntarily to Czechoslovakia.

Pink-cheeked, 16-year-old Zdenka Hyblová had another and more valid reason: she loved her boy friend Pavel. Zdenka, Pavel and Zdenka's girl friend Alena had long dreamed of escaping. A year ago, all three had made a pact to flee their Communist land together. Then on a day that seemed at first like any other, Zdenka left the schoolhouse in Eger and climbed aboard the 2:00 train for Asch, the border town where she lived. Instead of stopping at Asch as it always had, the train roared on into Germany, and Zdenka suddenly found herself free. Thinking of Pavel, Alena and their pact, she climbed meekly into a bus with the rest of the 77 and headed home again.

Last week Zdenka was back once more



Hanae, Berlin
On a moonlit night, a whistle.

in free Germany, this time with Pavel and Alena. In Munich, she told her story.

Solomi for Chocolate. The Czech refugees, still glowing from their unexpected lark, had started their trip back in high holiday mood. They were given a royal send-off by G.I.s, who loaded them with chocolate bars and good wishes. They were careful to bite each bar in the hope that Czech customs men would find the candy less appetizing that way. On the other side of the border, Communist officials and newsmen were lined up to greet them. "You must be so happy to be back again," they exclaimed, "after the terrible way the Americans treated you." "Yes," said some of them, "terrible."

At political police headquarters, a banquet was laid out: bread with no butter, salami and a bottle of lemonade for each returning traveler. "Much better than American chocolate," insisted one loyal Communist woman to Zdenka.

"I was not so eager to eat this bread and salami," said Zdenka, "so I walked over to the waiting hall. Suddenly Mr. Benes came over and asked me why I was so sad and didn't eat. Mr. Benes was my teacher. Last year he failed me because I refused to study Communist government. I didn't have the courage to tell him I couldn't eat because I had come back, so I said I was struck by the sadness of a mother whose son had not returned. He said: 'It is good. If she had brought up her son as a good Communist, this wouldn't have happened. Now her boy will be sent to Korea to die.'"

Afterwards, Zdenka was questioned by the police. "If you should spot any of those who stayed behind," they warned her, "the sure and tell us, for these people will surely return as spies."

Morse Code on the Border. "The same day," continued Zdenka, "I found Pavel and Alena. They didn't expect me back. We had talked about escape for a year already, but we had been afraid because it was said Americans tortured Czech refugees. Now I could tell them it wasn't true. Now we could escape together.

"For three weeks, we waited. I didn't sleep a single night. I quarreled with my family, who wanted me to stay, but we had made our decision. On a moonlit night, the three of us met in the town and headed through the fields for the frontier. We were 20 yards from the border when someone began whistling in Morse code to the border guard. So we crept swiftly back to town. The next night we made it.

"Where will we go now? Alena wants to go to Australia, Pavel and I are going to Canada. I have heard that you can say what you think there."

FRANCE

In the Right Direction

The nearest things to U.S. state legislatures in France are the Departmental Councils of geographic areas arbitrarily established during the Revolution to break down the section rivalries of old France. Issues in departmental elections are usually local, but this year, with only half the



*"I went behind the
Iron Curtain last night!"*

with a

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members up for election, the vote took on a national character. The Communists campaigned against "American warmongering," the Gaullists charged that Premier Pleven is trading away France's independence for inadequate U.S. promises. Only candidates with an absolute majority (51%) are elected, and where the vote is split there are run-off elections later, thus providing for a period of horse-trading among the parties.

Last week, with almost half the first elections still undecided, the word was "Beat the Communists," as Socialists, Radical Socialists, Popular Republicans, Gaullists and right-wing Independents made deals switching their support. Result: something of a victory for the parties right of center. Biggest losers: Communists 98, Socialists 139. Biggest gainers: Independents 103, Gaullists 80. The total vote for Communist candidates was down 5%, but it was still larger than that cast for any other single party.

Timeo Danaos

For nearly a century the French dictionary *Larousse* (a sort of Gallic Webster's) defined "Greek" as meaning, among other things, *roué, fripon, escroc-* 1) rakehell, 2) swindler, 3) crook. For nearly a century the Greek government has bombarded the Quai d'Orsay with complaints, to no avail. That, said *Larousse* stiffly, is the way Frenchmen talk, and that is the way they must be reported.

Last week *Larousse* relented. Bowled over by the Attic charms of a new Greek cultural attaché in Paris, the publishers announced that *gree* in their forthcoming centenary edition would be defined solely as an inhabitant of Greece or that which pertains to Greece. "In these matters," said Attaché George Averoff, "official notes are no use. I got to know *Larousse*'s publisher. I got to know his wife. We had dinner—and the matter was fixed."

GREECE

Love's Way

When Tassoula Petracogeorgi, 19, raven-haired and eager-eyed, met Constantine Kephaloynnis, 32, wealthy and handsome, it was a case of love at first sight of Constantine's mustache. It was also a case of near war (TIME, Sept. 4, 1950). Both came from prominent political families in Crete, but Constantine's family was Royalist, Tassoula's Liberal. Tassoula's father forbade the marriage, so Constantine grabbed Tassoula, carried her off to Mount Ida, where they were married in a lonely monastery, then hid in a cave protected by a private army of Constantine's family and friends.

Then Tassoula's father and friends set out after her daughter; the Greek government sent troops to prevent the outbreak of civil war and to bring Romeo & Juliet back. At that point, Constantine gave himself up. He put his bride in the care of the Archbishop of Athens, and was sentenced to two years in jail for carrying arms. Last week, after serving 13 months, Constantine was released. Patient Tassou-



Associated Press

MR. & MRS. KEPHALOYNNIS
He was allowed to keep it.

la, all packed and ready for the delayed honeymoon, beamed with joy and relief: the jailers had let Constantine keep his mustache.

NORWAY

Snoop-Proof Memorial

Of the 8,500 Russians buried on Norwegian soil, only a few lost their lives in liberating Norway from the Nazis. Most were soldiers and civilians captured by the Germans and taken to north Norway concentration camps, where they died. The Norwegians buried them in 200 graveyards scattered throughout their country. Ever since, like none-too-welcome neighbors once carelessly invited to dinner, Russian officials have been dropping over. Nominally they came to inspect the graves, but they used the occasion to take a good gander at Norway's defenses. The Norwegians have never complained, but in their laconic way they began moving the scattered Russian dead into one of three central graveyards, less handy for snooping.

"Desecration and mockery," protested the Russians. But the Norwegians remained quite calm. No effort, they said last week, would be spared to make the new cemeteries worthy memorials.

INDIA

Dr. Ambedkar Speaks Out

Dr. Bhimrao Ramji Ambedkar, the Columbia-educated Minister for Law in Nehru's cabinet, is an "untouchable," and heads the largest group of India's 60 million untouchables, the sub-basement of the towering Hindu caste system. In New Delhi last week, testy little Dr. Ambedkar strode on to the floor of Parliament, and demanded the privilege of explaining to the House why he was quitting. When he was refused by the Deputy Speaker, he angrily stalked out and gave his statement to the press.

It was a 4,000-word indictment of the

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Wide World

OSMAN BATOR
The thumbing wasn't easy.

government's policies, at home & abroad. Dr. Ambedkar railed against what he has termed Nehru's "quixotic policy of saving the world." India's support of Red China, he said, was alienating her from the free world and choking off foreign aid to India's languishing millions. Then Dr. Ambedkar turned to local matters.

He was angry at delays in the passage of the new Hindu Code Bill (which he drew up), which forbids polygamy, liberalizes inheritance laws for women, and legalizes inter-caste marriage.

All in all, it was quite an indictment. Dr. Ambedkar is the first important Indian official who has openly attacked Nehru for being too friendly to China and not friendly enough to the U.S. But diplomats in New Delhi did not expect Dr. Ambedkar to attract many supporters. They regard him as too peevish and prejudiced to rally much strength, and the untouchables too unorganized and inarticulate to follow his lead, even though he claims to speak for them.

To Follow the Faith

For years, on the borders of the vast, desolate, far western Chinese province of Sinkiang, imperial Britain and imperialist Muscovy, Red Russia and White, China's bandits, warlords, Communists and Nationalists skirmished for power and position. None of them, however, won the allegiance of the hard-riding Kazak tribesmen who wandered the empty plains. Islamic nomads of remote Turkish origin, the proud and independent Kazaks went on pitching their flannel tents, eating only meat, playing polo with the inflated skins of whole sheep and 200 men on a team, proclaiming allegiance to Allah alone, and generally thumbing their noses at the march of civilization, as they had since the days of Genghis Khan.

The thumbing was not always easy. Twelve years ago the Russians launched

a determined effort to wipe out the rebellious Mohammedans in Sinkiang. Some 10,000 Kazaks were driven out of Barkol, high in the northeast. They fled southward. Some made their way across the frozen Himalayas to India. Some stayed to fight under the leadership of a tribal chieftain named Osman Bator who, singlehanded and armed only with outmoded equipment from China's Nationalists, declared war on the whole Soviet Union.

Over the Hills. Last year, with the Nationalists finally driven to the hills, the Russians widened the caravan trails through Sinkiang and brought their tanks and heavy artillery to bear on the Kazaks. In four battles, the rebellious tribesmen lost 3,000 killed. Osman was captured and killed. His 5,000-odd survivors split into groups and headed south. Last week, after months of agony, picking their way through uncharted passes across the highest mountains in the world, one party of 120 Kazak men, women & children reached the end of the trail—Mohammedan Kashmir and its "City of the Sun," Srinagar. They brought with them a proud family heirloom—their leader's wife's sewing machine—and all that was left of 3,000 animals they had started with—21 camels, 53 horses and 40 black sheep.

"We often had no water and no fuel," said the goaded Kazak Thaji (Chief) Kussa In. "Sometimes we lived only on the animals' milk. Often we killed camels to get drinking water." Forty of the Thaji's party, including the youngest of his three wives, nine brothers, and two boys, aged one and five, were lost. One night while they slept in their tents at Urduk on the Tibetan frontier, the nomad refugees were attacked by Communists, who killed eight men and drove away 300 sheep, 13 camels and 25 horses. "But we killed ten Reds," said Thaji Kussa

prudently.

Better to Live Poor. Despite their hardships, the Kasaks were cheerful. The men were clean-shaven and clear-eyed. The women's cheeks were like red apples; their flowing black robes were hung with silver coins to denote the wealth of their men-folk. Once-wealthy Kussa In himself displayed a huge Swiss watch at the end of a silver chain on his corduroy jacket. "Of the hundreds of horses I once owned," he said, "only six are left, and now I am selling them. But it is better to live poor in a land where one can follow his faith than in a godless country. To the Communists, there is no God but Stalin. Communists burn the Koran and punish those who are caught reading it. They turn our mosques into theaters. They say that Islam is the product of a madman's ravings, used by reactionaries to sanction the exploitation of the poor. They eat pork and drink wine—both forbidden by our religion. But nothing is forbidden to the demented followers of the blasphemous faith of Stalin."

Some of Kussa In's followers hoped to go on to Mecca to give thanks to Allah. Others planned to get jobs as teamsters. And what of those who had fallen into the hands of the Reds? "The lucky ones," said Thaji Kussa In, "were shot."

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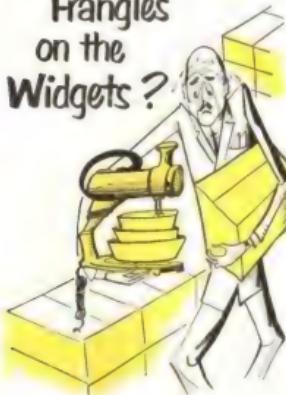
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THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Bombs in Caracas

TIME Correspondent Phil Payne was in Caracas last week when revolt crackled through the capital and five other cities of Venezuela. His report:

Two homemade bombs, one of them exploding accidentally and one of them failing to explode as planned, last week touched off an automatic reaction by Venezuela's jumpy military junta: cries of revolt and arrests by the hundreds.

The explosion occurred in a little house with a corrugated aluminum roof in Caracas' eastern suburbs. Two revolutionaries were assembling a bomb from dynamite and steel pipe when the weapon, set off unintentionally, killed both. At Colum-

cial, the federal police, *Seguridad* men are forever raiding the homes of A.D. members without catching the men they want most, and without stopping clandestine A.D. newspapers.

Just before last week's bombings, the acting head of the *Seguridad* showed me his headquarters, discussing each section except the Political and Social Brigade. We whipped through that section so fast I was able to ask only two questions:

"Are you making any political arrests these days?"

"Oh, no, our work is mostly social. We have no political troubles. Oh, a few bomb-throwing anarchists, but every country has those," said the chief.

"And do you have much trouble with clandestine literature?"

"Clandestine literature? How do you



PÉREZ JIMÉNEZ, SUÁREZ FLAMERICH, LLOVERA PÁEZ
Why isn't everybody happy?

International

bus Day ceremonies next day, someone tossed a bomb, hidden in a bouquet, at members of the junta: Lieut. Colonels Marcos Pérez Jiménez and Luis Felipe Llovera Páez and their civilian satellite, President Germán Suárez Flamerich. Military policemen quickly scooped up the bomb, but it was a dud anyway. Twenty-four hours later, Llovera Páez broadcast that the junta had "crushed" a country-wide uprising, with gunfights in 16 towns.

For each bomb and for each brief battle, the junta blamed *Acción Democrática*, the party of the elected government which the military men tossed out of power and "dissolved" by decree in November 1945.

"**We Have No Trouble.**" A.D. is the junta's triple migraine headache. It has underground cells everywhere, especially among students and oilworkers. The government employs an estimated 10,000 informers and agents, led by the Political and Social Brigade of the *Seguridad Na-*

mean? Political? Why, no, there is no such literature in Venezuela."

It was a nice try, but he overdid it.

The Pointed Parable. Recently a Caracas reporter named Oscar Yanes wrote a story under the headline, IN CARACAS, EVERYBODY'S GROUCHY. Mourned Yanes: "Every day, people laugh less," and he illustrated his point with a photograph of *caraqueños* glumly leaving a movie theater after a comedy. Everywhere Yanes found unsmiling citizens giving each other the rough sides of their tongues. "Pardon me," said Yanes to a man he had jostled in the street. "Pardon, is it? A little more of that and I'll slug you?" was the reply. Yanes left the reader to wonder what Venezuelans have to laugh about. In prosperous Venezuela, why isn't everybody happy?

No other Latin American country has anything like the oil industry from which the Venezuelan government siphons off

60% of its annual income. Venezuela has mountains of iron ore, plenty of potential hydroelectric power. The country never saw anything like the present building activity, public and private.

Venezuela has no unhappy foreign relations. The Communist Party, which has made such strides in other unsmiling nations, is split and largely ineffective. Anti-yanqui propaganda is limited (Venezuela's favorite Americans are baseball players). Of the arts, music is liveliest; Caracas will have 100 concerts this year. There is talk of television in Maracaibo.

Well, then, why isn't everybody happy?

Phony Election? The guarded answer to this question from most Venezuelans is: political instability. Like all *de facto* governments in Latin America, the junta dreams of the magic ceremony at the polls which can turn a military dictator into a constitutional President. Last April came the decree promising the election of a constituent assembly within 14 months.

But will there really be elections? Venezuelans answer: yes, there will be, because the junta has committed itself to elections and fears the popular reaction to further delay. However, Pérez Jiménez (the junta's Strong Man) is determined to become President, so the elections will have to be in his favor. And there is always a good chance that an A.D. revolution will beat him to the punch.

Or Real Revolution? For the A.D. view, I talked freely for an hour and a half with the Secretary General of *Acción Democrática*, Leonardo Ruiz Pineda, former cabinet minister. The cops have been looking for him for 27 months. Ruiz Pineda changes his residence every three days and goes out only at night, but he keeps in touch with the whole organization, sends and receives some 20 letters a day and frequently addresses meetings. Recently 80 policemen surrounded the house where he was staying, but he and a few friends shot their way out.

Ruiz Pineda contended that A.D. has learned much and will do better next time it is in power. When will the next time be? And will it be evolution or revolution? "The government will decide," answered Ruiz Pineda. "If they continue to deny us liberties, if they continue to hold all the power, then must be revolution."

MEXICO

The Next President

A hundred bands blared. The yells of 70,000 partisans volleyed and thundered across Mexico City's Olympic stadium. When the tumult died down, a small man spoke into the mike. "Accepting the candidacy of the Party of Revolutionary Institutions (PRI), I understand fully the grave responsibility of this nomination," said Adolfo Ruiz Cortínez.

Mexicans understood too. Interior Minister Ruiz Cortínez had been nominated by the official party convention as the government's candidate to succeed President Miguel Aleman. In present-day Mexico, that assures election. Barring death or accident, Adolfo Ruiz Cortínez will be



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by *don herald*

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WRITE FOR BROCHURE



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Mexico's President for six years starting December 1952.

With the nomination of Ruiz Cortinez, the solid citizens of PRI's leadership swung away from the flashy playboyism of handsome Miguel Alemán. Greying, frail and 58, with a strong facial resemblance to Boris Karloff (his nickname is *Cara de Calavera*—Skullface), Ruiz Cortinez is a far cry from the magnetic type traditionally admired by Mexicans. Said a political reporter last week, "Mexico is now going to get a Coolidge."

Ruiz Cortinez is a staid standard-bearer for Mexico's "revolutionary" party. He hates publicity, speaks rarely, lives modestly in one of the capital's more conservative neighborhoods. His favorite relaxation is playing dominoes. After thirteen years in the revolutionary army without rising above the rank of major and



CANDIDATE RUIZ CORTINEZ

"I was poor as a boy, and still am."

eleven years in government bureaus without rising above the rank of clerk, he joined young Mike Alemán and rode the escalator right behind him—first to the governorship of his native Veracruz, then to the Ministry of Interior, the job from which Alemán also stepped to the top. Through it all, he made no important enemies. "I was poor as a boy, and still am," he murmured. "I have always lived on my salary" (as Interior Minister, about \$16,000 a year).

Ruiz Cortinez' friends say that as President he will run his own show and will clean out the fat-contract men who surround the present administration. A middle-of-the-roader in domestic politics, he promises to continue Alemán's foreign policy of close friendship with the U.S. In the PRI tradition, he will not accept victory without putting up a show for it. Between now and July, he will tour the country in what he says will be a "gentlemanly and principally patriotic" campaign.

Q. How would you explain the action of sulfonamides on bacteria?

Q. What are three properties of histamine?

Q. How would you compound a washable ointment containing 10% benzyl benzoate?

Q. What is the difference between tetanus toxoid and tetanus antitoxin?



DIFFICULT questions? Yes, indeed! Fortunately, you are not expected to know the answers.

Technical questions like these, however, must be answered each year by hundreds of pharmacy graduates—both men and women—who take State Board Examinations to become Registered Pharmacists.

Given after years of study at a college of pharmacy, these examinations test the candidates' proficiency in many sciences . . . chemistry, pharmacology, mathematics, toxicology, materia medica . . . to name a few. In addition, practical demonstrations are

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OCTOBER 21-OCTOBER 27

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TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1951

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This has been strikingly demonstrated in recent months. Hundreds and hundreds of cars—cars of all makes and ages—cars that had been using *every* nationally known brand of motor oil—were given the Dynamometer Test. This is a machine devised by engineers to measure the power an engine delivers to the rear wheels.

And what happened? After the oil in these cars had been changed to Macmillan, the *same power was developed with an average of 8% less gasoline*.

The minute you change to Macmillan, you'll get an increase in power and gasoline mileage. You cut down on "drag"—your gasoline "pushes" easier than before. After the second or third drain, the average motorist gets an increase in gasoline

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PEOPLE

Family Circles

Manhattan's tabloids called it "The War of the Roses." It started last July when Broadway Showman **Billy Rose** tried to suppress the news that blonde **Joyce Matthews**, divorced wife of **Milton Berle**, had attempted suicide in his Ziegfeld Theater apartment (TIME, July 23). Last week he was in trouble again. The scene was the same. His wife, former Olympic Swimmer **Eleanor Holm**, equipped with camera and a private detective at her side, raided the stronghold, found her husband "not alone." With this evidence, she retired to their Beekman Place town house and bolted the doors. When Rose appeared, in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac, photographers banged away at the blinking, bewildered husband as he fumbled with his key, vainly trying to unlock the door. Then he gave up, returned to his apartment to let the lawyers take over.

To the Armed Forces Wives' Club in Boston, Mrs. **George S. Patton** admitted that "nothing is permanent but change" in the life of an Army wife. However, she said, one secret of making dismal rooms homelike is "always to keep a few sweet potatoes growing. They really make exotic vines."

In Paris, after finishing her first movie, *Monte Carlo Baby*, Michelle Farmer, 19-year-old daughter of **Gloria Swanson**, announced that she was flying home to tell mother about her plans to marry Turkish-born Movie Producer Robert Amon, 36. Said she: "As a kid I traveled with mother on enough one-night stands. I know what an awful lot of heartbreak and struggle goes into a stage career. If there's a choice, you're crazy not to take a home and a family."

In Manhattan, Alice Hammerstein, 30,

daughter of Musical Comedy Writer **Oscar Hammerstein II**, was busy writing the lyrics for a musical which will be produced next year. Her father was "very pleased," she said. "He has always wanted anything that will make me happy. Except when I wanted to be a veterinarian. He couldn't understand that."

The Road Ahead

From Paris, the New York Times reported an observation of Philosopher **Albert Schweitzer**: "The great sickness of man is that he is constantly seeking entertainment and more entertainment, sometimes of the stupidest and most cruel type, instead of finding stimulation from within. Look into some aspects of sports and boxing and you'll see what I mean. Seneca was one of the first to speak out



European

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against the combat of the gladiators. Isn't there possibly a parallel between the decadence of the declining Roman Empire and our own overemphasis on mass hysteria stimulated by some mass sports?"

Playwright **Clare Boothe Luce**, winner of the 1951 Newman Club award for outstanding service in church and government, spoke out against one of the weaknesses of world government. At the Newman Club Federation convention in Wentworth-by-the-sea, N. H., she said: "The United Nations offers a tragic example of the frustration to which the most idealistic efforts of materialist man is doomed. The U.N. is a failure, not because unity among nations is undesirable or impossible. It is a failure because the spiritual conditions of unity are not present."

Professor **Mortimer J. Adler**, who helped start the University of Chicago's Great Books course, arrived in San Francisco to give a series of lectures on the



MICHELLE FARMER & FIANCÉ
Goodbye heartbreak.

culture of the Western world, and told reporters that he was worried about the current difference between Eastern and Western writing. Said he: "The Western authors are all talking to each other, and the East is not a part of the conversation . . . Modern Eastern literature is devoted exclusively to present social, industrial and political revolutions. If these revolutions continue, Eastern books will soon stop being literature."

Great Days

Going along with the army on its week-long autumn maneuvers, Sweden's 69-year-old King **Gustav VI** proved his mettle as a soldier and a botanist both. He kept a front-line pace with his battle commanders and had a few words to say on the lack of offensive spirit in his troops. Once, as a line of firing tanks roared past, he stopped to pick up a small flower which none of his generals could identify. Said the beaming King: "It's rather rare, in our parts at least, a *Gentiana campestris*."

For her war work, entertaining troops in Africa and France, the French embassy invited **Marie-Dreie Dietrich** to Washington, where Ambassador **Henri Bonnet** presented her with the Order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. After he pinned on the Maltese cross and handed her a scroll, he kissed her warmly on both cheeks. Asked to hold the pose, the Ambassador obliged. Said he: "It's one of the few times that one welcomes the photographer's plea for just one more picture."

Composer **Dmitri Shostakovich**, whose music has taken him in & out of the Kremlin's good graces, seemed to have scored again on the credit side. Top Soviet critics and composers applauded the première of his latest work: *Ten Poems*, arranged for a mixed chorus with children's voices and based on the essays *Democratic Vistas*, written by an anarchic old yawp, **Walt Whitman**.



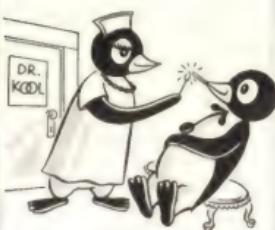
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MEDICINE



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Out for Blood

The Department of Defense and the American Red Cross were out for blood last week. Press, radio, television and posters carried repeated appeals for blood donors. The fact behind the flurry was that U.S. armed forces are running short of blood and plasma. "We have enough whole blood on hand for about one week of heavy fighting," said an Army medic in Tokyo.

When the Korea fighting was at its worst last winter, U.S. civilians gave blood at the rate of 25,000 pints a week. During the summer, the rate dropped below 10,000. Two things have given the public the wrong idea that blood is no longer urgently needed: 1) the letdown in Korea

gency treatment for shock, doctors use plasma "extenders" such as salt solution, gelatine or Dextran. None of these contains the complex chemicals found in plasma, and none would be used if there were enough plasma to go around.

While the Red Cross is whipping up its blood donors, the armed forces have started collecting blood from servicemen. Last week Admiral William Fechteler sent a crackling "Well done" to the aircraft carrier *Boxer*, whose sailors and flyers gave 2,377 pints of blood in the midst of combat operations off Korea. U.S. civilians rated no such "Well done"; it was mainly because of servicemen's donations that the week's total topped 49,000 pints, and this was still far short of the goal, 75,000 pints a week until July 1.



G.I. FROM HEARTBREAK RIDGE RECEIVING PLASMA
There is no substitute.

during armistice talks,* and 2) the publicity given to so-called blood-plasma "substitutes." At the same time, medics in Korea have been pouring three times as much blood and plasma into the wounded as in World War II because they have found that using more of it saves more lives.

There is not, and cannot be, a substitute for whole blood, because it contains living cells. And whole blood is best for the wounded and for most victims of shock. But whole blood cannot be stored more than three weeks and cannot be given on the battlefield, so doctors use plasma (the blood fluid from which the cells have been removed) for first aid. Plasma will keep for years. As an emer-

Cancer of the Stomach

Few forms of cancer are so terrifying as cancer of the stomach. It is one of the most difficult to detect in its early stages; neglected, it usually proves quickly fatal, and most cases are discovered too late. There are more than 30,000 new cases in the U.S. each year, and by present estimates, only one victim in 100 can expect to be cured.

This situation could be much improved, says Los Angeles Dr. Lewis Warner Guiss (rhymes with mice). If all the victims could be brought to the operating table promptly, 25 times as many could be saved. The blame for the present high death rate, Dr. Guiss believes, is three-fold: 1) cancer education has focused too much on the forms that are easiest to detect, 2) people go around for months with

* When the number of U.S. wounded averaged only two a week; last week, 1,400 were reported.

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD
ROUTE OF THE *Hiawathas*

severe stomach symptoms before they see a doctor, 3) doctors are so discouraged by the poor outlook for stomach cancer patients that they do not prod them hard enough to accept early surgery.

Dr. Guiss based his conclusions on a study of 2,891 cases. Only 17% went to their doctors within a month of first noticing symptoms;¹⁰ most waited nearly six months. A full year after first symptoms, less than 20% got to the operating table, where, says Guiss, they should have gone much sooner.

Patients and doctors must share the blame for much of this delay, but, Dr. Guiss believes, there is another mistake



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
DR. LEWIS W. GUISS
Delay means death.

for which doctors alone are responsible. If cancer is suspected (as a result of X rays) but not proved, physicians too often try to "manage" the illness with diet and medicines.

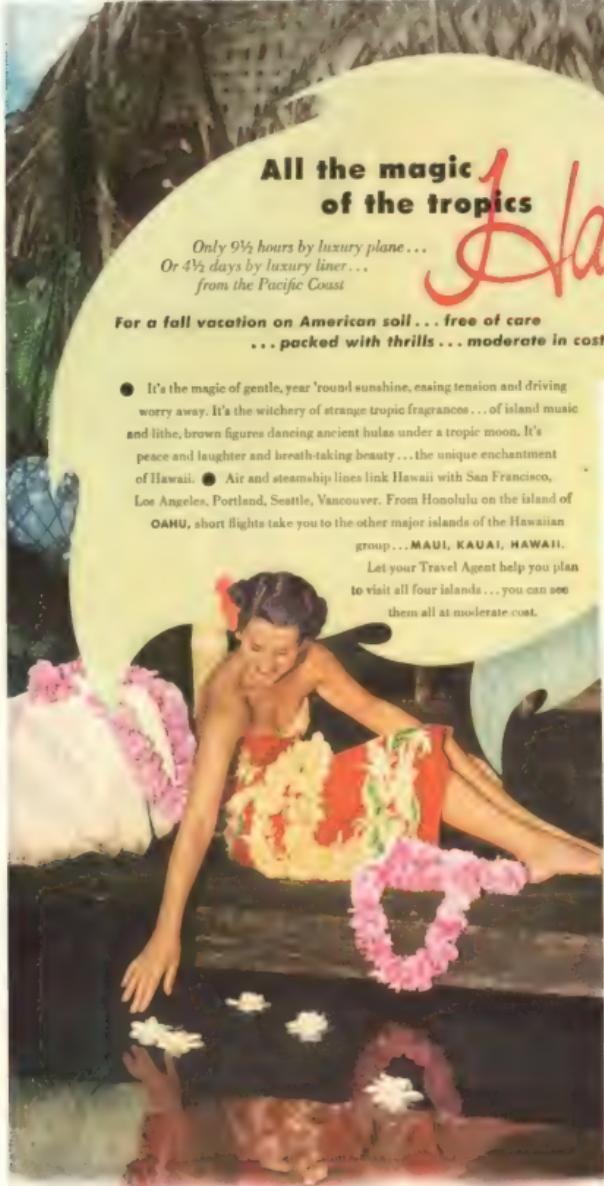
Guiss argues that two things must be done to save more victims of stomach cancer: 1) people must be taught that, if they report their symptoms early, they have a chance of being cured, and 2) doctors and patients alike must recognize that so far the only "cure" is surgery.

Tears, Sweat & Spit

Will the baby be a boy or a girl? A biochemist at Chicago's Loyola University, Gustav William Rapp, thinks he can find the answer, nine times out of ten, and three to four months before birth. The answer, he believes, is in the mother's saliva.

Dr. Rapp got the idea in a roundabout way from Dr. Garwood Richardson's simple urine test for pregnancy (TIME, May 2, 1949). Rapp decided to see whether any secretions besides urine showed pregnancy. He tried tears and sweat, found them no

* Deceptively mild: vague pains and nausea, far less severe than the symptoms of peptic ulcer.



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'SPORT OF KINGS' - by GOURIELLI

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SPORT OF KINGS after-shave lotion is terrifically refreshing, and most men will pretend they use it for no other reason. Pure humbug. The secret truth is that most men like to smell good, and SPORT OF KINGS smells very good, very fresh, and very masculine.

You can buy SPORT OF KINGS after-shave lotion in the lucky horseshoe at most good stores, for 2.50 and 1.50. There is also a SPORT OF KINGS cologne at 3.50 and 2.00, and a shaving soap in a thumbing glass horseshoe, which becomes an ashtray in after life and costs 1.50.

The SPORT OF KINGS huntsman's boot, shown at the right, is full of the finest tale Gourielli knows how to make — 1.50. GOURIELLI, 16 E. 55th Street, New York. All prices quoted plus tax, see sunset shave map



good. Saliva seemed to be a flop, too: half the results were negative, even with women known to be pregnant. Dr. Rapp decided to forget about it, and put the work aside.

Some time later, an idea struck him: perhaps those "false negative" tests had been telling him something, after all. He checked the hospital records of 50 cases,



Archie Lieberman

DR. GUSTAV W. RAPP
"Negative" means a girl.

found that all the "negatives" had had girls, the "positives" had had boys. Rapp's hypothesis: a male fetus releases male hormones into the mother's system—in sufficient quantity to be detected in saliva.

To check his theory, Dr. Rapp has since tested 400 women five to six months pregnant, and 92% of his predictions have been right. (The test is no good for diabetic women, and can be thrown off by drugs such as aspirin.) Dr. Rapp still considers his findings "preliminary." But recently, when his wife had a baby son, her doctor came hustling out of the delivery room with the happy news that Rapp was right again.

Capsules

¶ The ancient idea that madness is connected with the moon's phases ("lunacy") may have had something in it after all: a Virginia psychiatrist and a Washington astronomer found that of 2,875 women admitted to a state hospital, the greatest number entered at full moon; among 2,984 men, admissions were heaviest right after the new moon. Just what did the moon have to do with it? The two scientists didn't begin to know: they just had their figures.

¶ Yale University's Student Mental Hygiene Service proudly announced that in its 25 years it has given first aid to more than 8,000 emotionally upset students who seemed headed for flunking, cheating, illness or drink.

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THE THEATER

Old Musical in Manhattan

Music in the Air (music by Jerome Kern; book & lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd; produced by Reginald Hammerstein) still has what it had when first produced in 1932—an extremely engaging Jerome Kern score. It no longer has very much else. Even in 1932, it employed old-fashioned European operetta largely as a model, if sometimes as a butt; its best chance in revival was to capture the nostalgic charm of an unabashed period piece. But as revived, the show as badly lacks bouquet as the production lacks style.

With such Kern favorites as *I've Told Every Little Star*, *In Etern on the Tegern See*, *The Song Is You*, there is no want of melody. Hammerstein's book tells how two Swiss villagers—a father who writes songs and a daughter who sings them—go to Zurich and almost have a fluke success at the expense of professional theatrical people. The story lets Hammerstein make fun of theatrical temperament while showing the ultimate fate of those who lack it. But it plods as both story and satire, and a name cast—Jane Pickens, Charles Winninger, Dennis King, Conrad Nagel—does little to enliven it. The trouble with the book isn't just that it is old or uninspired, but that it is so painfully omnipresent. *Music in the Air* intrudes no clever lyrics, displays no chorus line, offers no dance numbers. This makes it as rare a bird among musicals generally as it is among Swiss ones for containing no yodelers.

New Play in Manhattan

Glad Tidings (by Edward Mabley; produced by Harald Bromley) is set down in the program as a "romantic comedy." Up on the stage, however, it seems like a sentimental farce—which, if a rare mixture, is a much less rewarding one. The play tells of a well-known foreign correspondent (Melvyn Douglas) who, on the eve of marrying a magazine heiress (Hilla Stoddard), is descended on by a cyclonic actress (Signe Hasso) with whom, 20 years before, he had had an affair. With her are her two grown children, one of whom, he learns, is his.

There is little action thereafter, though much reaction: of the father to fatherhood, of the daughter to finding a father, of the actress' son to not finding one. For kids who have been uneasily laughing off their predicament for years, this is no laughing matter. On the other hand, their mother is the sort of stage type who spells laughter or nothing. Hence something half-real jostles something quite wacky in the sort of situation that won't admit of farce and feeling both. But beyond its muddled tone, *Glad Tidings* suffers from the author's clumsy, indefinite touch. The rewards, of both writing and acting, are fairly momentary. Though Melvyn Douglas is quietly wry and down-to-earth, Signe Hasso is eruptive enough to make Tallulah Bankhead seem demure.

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Crab Compass

Some scientists are neatness itself, but Professor Talbot H. Waterman works in a wonderful mess. His room at Yale's Osborn Zoological Laboratory is a tangle of wires, tubes, electrical equipment, optical instruments, pipes, tools and gadgets. And all over the place crawl the stars of the show: live horseshoe crabs. Dr. Waterman is trying to find out how arthropods (crabs, insects, etc.) navigate. The Office of Naval Research is so interested that it has him under contract.

Scientists know that certain arthropods, including horseshoe crabs and bees (TIME, Jan. 1), can steer by the sun even when they cannot see it. All they need is a patel of blue sky. The light that comes from it



C. T. Atkinson

ZOOLOGIST WATERMAN
Through the eyes of an orthopod.

is partially polarized,* and the direction in which the light vibrates shows the position of the sun. So the bees and crabs, whose eyes are sensitive to polarity, have only to look at the sky. It tells them where the sun is; then they steer by the sun, whether they can see it or not.

Dr. Waterman, who discovered the peculiar talents of the horseshoe crab's eyes, is now trying to find out how the eyes work. He dissects them under a microscope, attaches their optic nerves to delicate electrical instruments, and measures their responses to light of varying polarity. He removes their tiny lenses and measures their optical properties.

The reason the Navy is interested is the baffling problem that airplane navigators encounter near the North Pole. The

* Direct light from the sun vibrates equally in all directions. Light scattered by particles in the atmosphere vibrates more in some directions than in others.

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magnetic compass isn't much good because of the nearness of the shifting magnetic pole. In broad daylight the navigators can steer by the sun, at night by the stars. But during the long polar twilight they can see neither sun nor stars.

A good solution for the problem would be a simple, accurate instrument to measure the polarity of the twilight sky and reveal the position of the sun below the horizon. Then the sun could be used to steer by, just as if it were visible. If Dr. Waterman's work is successful, U.S. pilots may some time steer across the North Pole, high above the overcast, guided by an instrument patterned on the eye of a horseshoe crab.

Fluorine's Empire

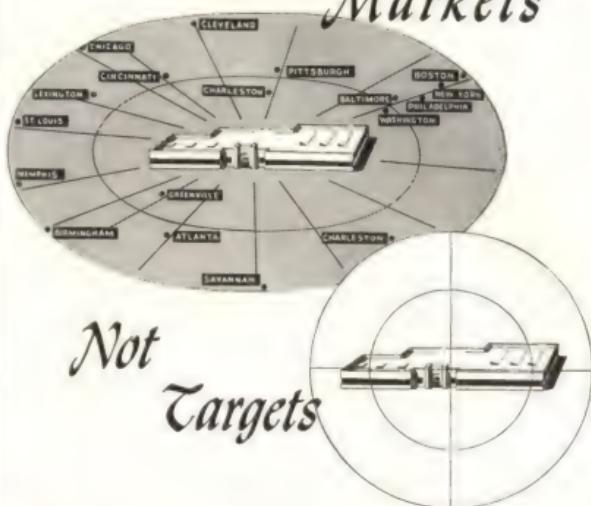
Organic chemistry is about to have a pup, and the pup may grow, theoretically at least, as big as its mother. This week the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co. announced that its plant at Hastings, Minn., is turning out a whole litter of "fluorochemicals"—compounds just like ordinary organic chemicals (e.g., acetic acid, ether, etc.), except that they have fluorine in their molecules instead of hydrogen. It should be possible, says Dr. Nelson W. Taylor, manager of Minnesota Mining's fluorochemical department, to make fluorochemical substitutes for all the 100,000-odd organic compounds, from TNT to DDT, that chemists have synthesized so far.

Snug Atoms. Organic chemistry deals with carbon compounds like those found in living organisms. Most of them have long chains or rings of carbon atoms with one atom or more of hydrogen attached to each carbon atom. Fluorine atoms are heavier than hydrogen, but they are about the same size, and they fit snugly into the molecule without disturbing the existing arrangement of the carbon atoms. The result of replacing the hydrogen atoms in the molecule with fluorine is a compound which resembles the organic original in some respects. But the new fluorochemical has different and sometimes remarkable properties.

For one thing, fluorochemicals are unusually stable. Unlike the organic chemicals, which are often inflammable or explosive, they resist decomposition by heat, chemical reagents or ultraviolet light. They are not attacked by bacteria or fungi. Some of them are very strong acids, others are so inert that they make fine fire extinguishers.

Magic Cell. Fluorochemicals are nobody's monopoly, but Minnesota Mining believes it has the best commercial method of making them. Instead of starting with dangerous and expensive fluorine gas, its process, invented during World War II by Professor J. H. Simons of Florida University, uses an electrolytic cell charged with hydrogen fluoride, which is much easier to handle. The organic compound that is to be transformed is mixed with the hydrogen fluoride. When an electric current is passed through the solution, fluorine atoms obediently change places with hydrogen atoms in the organic com-

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ound, turning it into the corresponding fluorochemical.

Minnesota Mining is not yet talking about all the fluoroproducts it is making. They are still expensive (\$2 to \$5 a lb.), but some of them, it hints, may be offered to the public soon. Others will reach the public or industry through chemical manufacturers who buy fluorochemicals and use them in their own products. Some of the products:

PLASTICS. Fluorochemicals link together into plastics just as organics do. But the plastics are wholly fireproof and may turn out to be extraordinarily strong.

DYES. A small amount of fluorochemical in the molecule of a dye often changes its color, giving dye manufacturers a whole new color range.

DETERGENTS. Certain "surface-active" fluorochemicals are more powerful cleaning agents than any yet known.

WETTING AGENTS. A small amount of the proper fluorochemical makes a solution "wetter." This property is valuable in textile dyeing; it helps the dye reach every fiber of the cloth.

PAINTS AND VARNISHES. The stability of fluorochemicals makes them extremely resistant to weathering.

POLISHES. Some fluorochemicals will not stick to either water or grease. This makes them effective as self-cleaning auto polishes.

DRUGS AND COSMETICS. Because some fluorochemicals are inert, they do not irritate human tissues, may replace organic compounds which the skin cannot tolerate.

Such items are only the beginning, the Minnesota Mining men say. Lost in chemical ecstasy, they look forward to the day when fluorochemicals will double or triple the number of useful compounds that chemists can play with.

The Earliest Farmers

About 4800 B.C., 300-odd human beings, small-boned and slender, settled on a grassy knoll in a valley in northern Iraq. They and their descendants lived there 500 years. It was perhaps the most critical period in human history. The founding of that village (which anthropologists call Jarmo) may mark the point in time when the first wandering hunters settled down to till the soil.

Jarmo, discovered in 1948 by an expedition led by Anthropologist Robert J. Braidwood of the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute, covers the area of a modern city block. Enough of it was excavated this year to give a good idea of life in the earliest farm days.

Garden of Eden. It must have been a peaceful Garden-of-Eden period. Jarmo had no walls, and its site was not picked for defense. The inhabitants made no heavy-duty weapons, only feeble flint arrowheads for hunting small animals. Jarmo's mud houses were about 20 by 20 ft., each containing three small rooms and a small courtyard. Between each of the huddled houses were two separate walls. This proves, says Dr. Braidwood, that the Jarmoites had a well-developed sense of private property. The village apparently had

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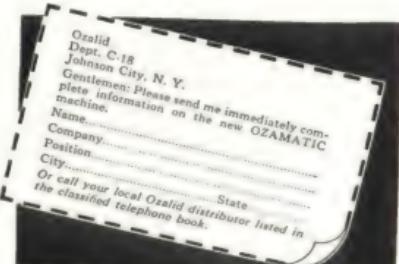
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its big shots too. One house was much larger than the others, with six rooms and a corridor. It probably belonged to a priest or chief.

Hoes had not yet been invented, so the people of Jarmo planted their crops with weighted digging sticks and reaped them with flint sickles. They grew barley, two kinds of wheat and some sort of legume, probably peas. At first they ground grain by rubbing it with a stone in a shallow stone dish. Later they developed effective mortars and pestles. They baked their bread in mud ovens stoked from the courtyard.

Fertility Cult. In the ruins of Jarmo, Dr. Braudwood found many bones of young sheep and goats, proving that the inhabitants had domestic animals. Probably they grazed their flocks in summer and kept them in the sheltered courtyards in winter. To judge from the scarcity of



H. DeMets Teuffen
ANTHROPOLOGIST BRAUDWOOD
From an oven of mud.

wild animals' remains, the Jarmoites did very little hunting.

The religion of Jarmo had probably changed to fit the agricultural life. In their ruins are no idols or magic pictures designed to improve the hunting. In their place are many female figurines, naked and obviously pregnant—proof that the farmers and herdsmen of Jarmo had already developed a fertility cult.

To industrialized westerners, the life of Jarmo looks crude, but the Iraqi peasants who live near Jarmo today find it not so strange. Modern villagers still live in houses like those of Jarmo. They still keep their animals in the courtyards and cultivate their scanty crops with tools that are not much better. They still bake their bread in mud ovens that have not changed appreciably since the discovery of agriculture. It took the industrial revolution to make much change in the pattern of village life that was fixed 7,000 years ago.

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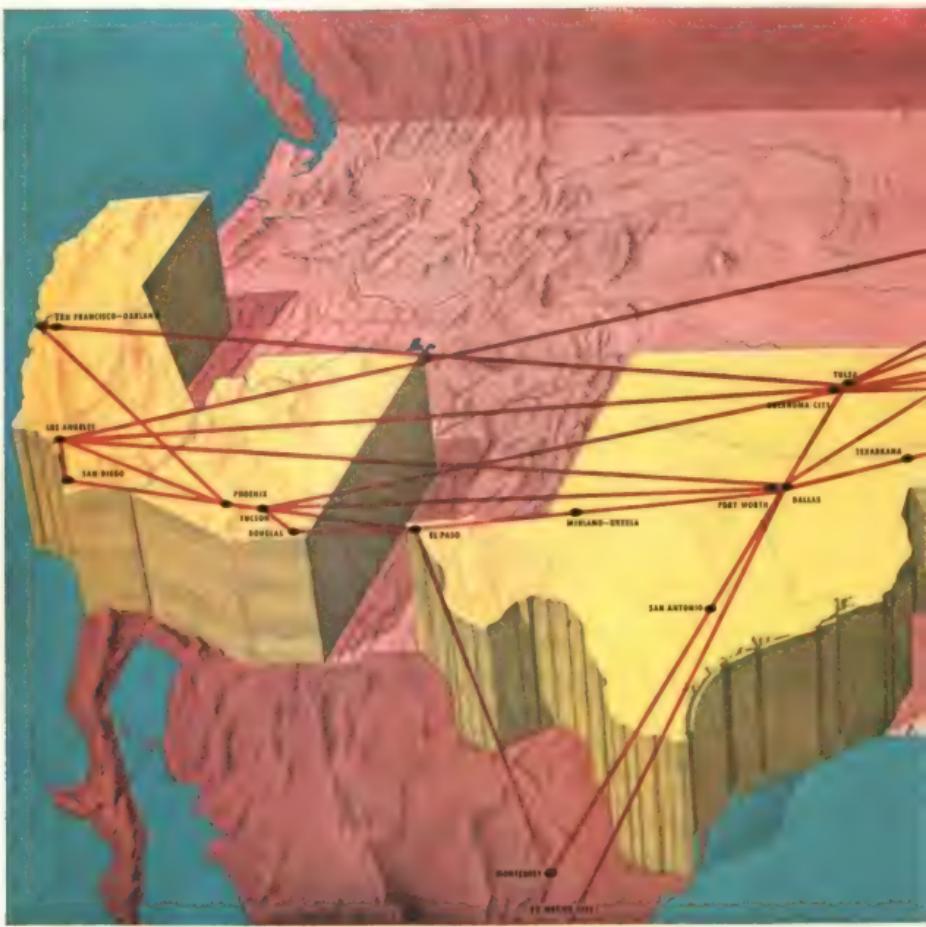
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Bottoms Up

In nightmares, ballerinas sometimes dream of falling flat. In Detroit's Masonic Auditorium last week, the bad dream came true for the whole Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

In the first number, four little elves, one after another, suddenly threw their feet in the air and smacked the floor, as though a giant hand had pulled the stage from under them. In *Gaité Parisienne*, even the great Alexandra Danilova and Choreographer-Dancer Leonide Massine

dred (*Rockin' Chair*) Bailey, kept dropping in. To remind others where they first heard his name, Red Norvo kept salting his half-hour stands with such tunes as *Strike Up the Band*, *Night and Day*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*—songs he used to rap out on his "woodpile" (xylophone) with Paul Whiteman's band 20 years ago.

If the songs were not all new, the style was. Said Red, as quiet and genial as ever: "One of us will just do something, and the others will dig it and remember. We've had only two rehearsals, and on the second one we did nothing but sit around



FARLOW, LOMBARDY & RED NORVO
For graduates of the woodpile, headwork.

Roy Finney

went down: two spills for Danilova, one for Massine. In the wings, frantic Ballet Master Frederic Franklin told his dancers: "Go slow . . . Don't listen to the music, just go on when I tell you." The critic of the *Detroit Times* described the usually bouncy exits as like "the pussy-footing lop one takes when trying to avoid wakin' the baby up."

The cause of it all was brand new linoleum, slick as ice. The auditorium manager promised to sand it thoroughly before the next performance.

The New Thrill

The music in the air at a cushiony East Side Manhattan nightclub last week was jazz all right—but subtle and discreet jazz. It was partly the instruments; there just isn't much blare in a guitar, bass fiddle and vibraphone. But it was mostly the sandy-haired man behind the "vibes," Oldtimer Red Norvo undoubtedly was, as *Metronome* said, "the new thrill."

Other oldtimers around town couldn't keep away. Benny Goodman, Eddie Condon ("What kind of a sophisticated place is this? I can't even send drinks to the handstand") and even Red's ex-wife, Mil-

and talk." With a feather-fingered young guitarist named Tal Farlow, who after two years plays as if he is reading Red's mind, and a bass player (Clyde Lombardy) who is always there with the beat, everything they touched sounded like softly accented conversation on a bench in the park.

Since his Whiteman days, Red (real name: Kenneth Norville) has done time on the woodpile, vibes and marimba in bands ranging from 20-piece earsplitters down to sextets. Trio work is something fairly new, and Red finds it "all headwork—the bass has to cover for a drummer, the guitar for clarinet or trumpet, the vibes for piano." Headwork or handwork, old Red was the uptown café set's new pet.

Barking Busoni

What kind of horseplay was this? On the opening night of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, with no conductor in sight, a trumpeter stood up and blew a shattering blast at the audience. A figure in top hat and cape leaped to the podium and began to orate: "Tis not for children, nor for gods, this play; for understanding people 'tis designed . . ." Finally, Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos appeared and

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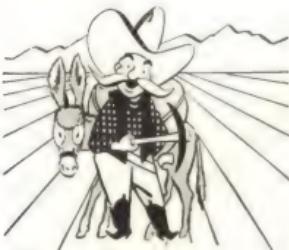
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gave the downbeat, and the perplexed audience settled down to the first U.S. performance of Ferruccio Busoni's "theatrical capriccio," *Harlequin*.

There were no gods present, and few children. Philharmonic first-nighters, who have learned to expect surprises from Conductor Mitropoulos, did their best to be understanding people. Most of them found it good fun.

Busoni, an Italian who spent much of his life in Berlin and was more famous as a pianist and pedagogue (and transcriber of Bach) than as a composer, wrote the libretto for *Harlequin* on a visit to the U.S. in 1915. He hung his sardonic and sometimes savage satire on romantic opera. World War I and man in general, on a framework of *commedia dell'arte*. Harlequin is Faust in evening clothes, and his suave cynicism corrodes everyone it touches—an old Dante-reading tailor, his



The Bettmann Archive
COMPOSER BUSONI
Faust in evening clothes.

young wife, Harlequin's own wife, her lover, a doctor and a priest.

The music, as terse in style as the libretto, is sardonic too. Sample: the young guitar-playing tenor of the piece (David Lloyd) manages to parody the Walthers and Rodolfo's of romantic German and Italian opera without sounding exactly like either.

Conductor Mitropoulos, who once studied composition with Busoni and as a result took up conducting, staged his concert version of the satire more for barks than bites—in fact, it fell just short of slapstick. He arranged his orchestra on two sides of the stage, so that his singers had all the freedom of movement they could use.

All that was missing was scenery. But an excellent cast, with John (*Fledermaus*) Brownlee as Harlequin, Soprano Martha Lipton as his wife, and Bass-Baritone James Pease as the priest, just about made up for that.

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New Records

The recording of complete operas continued to be the big record news—as it has been since LP provided the ideal medium for it. Most notable:

Mozart: The Magic Flute (Wilma Lipp and Irmgard Seefried, sopranos; Anton Dermota, tenor; Erich Kunz, baritone; Ludwig Weber, bass; chorus of the Society of Friends of Music, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan conducting; Columbia, 6 sides LP). The kind of crack performance, with its own unique *Gemütllichkeit*, that makes music lovers trek to Salzburg every summer. A new *Marriage of Figaro*, with the same orchestra and conductor and some of the same cast, offers more of the same happy spirit. Both recordings: excellent.

Gershwin: Porgy and Bess (Lawrence Winters, baritone; Camilla Williams, soprano; Inez Matthews, soprano; Warren Coleman, baritone; Avon Long, tenor; orchestra and chorus conducted by Lehman Engel; Columbia, 6 sides LP). The first complete recording of Gershwin's jazz classic reveals that the work does not add up to the sum of its memorable parts. *Summertime*, *I Got Plenty of Nuttin'*, *It Ain't Necessarily So* still sparkle like diamonds, but in an ocean of dross. Recording: excellent.

Leoncavallo: Pagliacci (Richard Tucker, tenor; Lucine Amara, soprano; Giuseppe Valdengo, baritone; orchestra and chorus of the Metropolitan Opera, Fausto Cleva conducting; Columbia, 4 sides LP). More proof that Met performances are usually better to listen to than to look at—and that Richard Tucker is one of the notable tenors of the day.

Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier (Margarete Bäumer and Ursula Richter, sopranos; Tiana Lemnitz, mezzo-soprano; Kurt Böhme, bass; chorus of the Dresden State Opera, the Saxonian State Orchestra, Rudolf Kempe conducting; Urania Records, 8 sides LP). Soprano Bäumer (*The Marschallin*) has an unpleasant tremolo and Böhme (*Ochs*) is too growly and guttural; otherwise a middling-good performance. Recording: good.

Vordin: La Traviata (Licia Albanese, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone); the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conducting; Victor, 4 sides LP). The recording loses a little of the fervor of the splendid 1946 broadcast.

Other new records:

Mahler: Kindertotenlieder (Kathleen Ferrier, contralto; the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting; Columbia, 2 sides LP). Mahler set to music these five poems written by Friedrich Rückert just after the death of his child. They are eloquently direct—the more so as sung by expressive Contralto Ferrier. Recording: excellent.

Schubert: Die Winterreise (Hans Hotter, baritone; Michael Raucheisen, piano; Decca, 4 sides LP). Baritone Hotter sings Schubert's mournful cycle of a winter journey in good voice, but he fails to take command of the songs. Recording: good.



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RELIGION

New Vision

Millions of Roman Catholics revere a spot near Fátima, in Portugal, as the scene of a miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary. In Fátima last week stood Federico Cardinal Tedeschini, arch-priest of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. To gathered pilgrims he brought momentous news.

On three successive days, Oct. 30, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, 1950, said the Cardinal, the miraculous vision of Fátima was repeated for Pope Pius XII: "The Holy Father turned his gaze from the Vatican gardens toward the sun, and there was renewed for his eyes the miracle of this valley." Nov. 1 was the day the Pope proclaimed the dogma of the bodily ascension of the Virgin Mary into Heaven.



E. L. Mouser—*Iowa City Globe-Gazette*
JUDGE CHARLTON
Confusing testimony.

What Is a Christian?

The question before the court in Iowa's Black Hawk County Courthouse last week was tough to answer: What is a Christian? On the answer depended \$75,000.

It had never occurred to Ophthalmologist William B. Small of Waterloo, Iowa, a prominent Methodist layman, that the answer might be difficult. When he died in 1939, his will directed that the income from \$75,000 of his estate should be distributed "to persons who believe in the fundamental principles of the Christian religion and in the Bible and who are endeavoring to promulgate same." When his wife died in 1949, ten nephews and nieces sued to break the will. Their argument: "There is no common agreement as to what constitutes the fundamental principles of Christianity."

The hearings got under way in Waterloo. The first four witnesses spoke for the trustees. The Rev. Charles S. Hempstead,

district superintendent of the Methodist Church, Dr. Russell D. Cole, president of a nearby Methodist school, and Methodist English Professor Miron A. Morrill all testified that a Christian can be defined as one who believes in the Apostles' Creed, e.g., the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ. Methodist Layman Stephen A. Cogahan, a longtime friend of the dead man, testified that this was what Dr. Small himself believed.

Then came witnesses for the nephews and nieces to testify that a Christian might believe almost anything, or nothing. As for the Apostles' Creed, said the Rev. Lewis L. Dunnington of Iowa City's First Methodist Church, "many things" in it are unacceptable to many Christians. On the question of the Virgin Birth, for example, "I tell my parishioners to pay their money and take their choice."

Father Robert Spahn, Roman Catholic chaplain for Iowa State Teachers College, pointed out that his church takes a strong stand against private interpretation of the Bible, and warned that a man may be deceived in thinking he is guided by providence. Christ himself, warned Father Spahn, was persecuted by "those who thought they were doing the will of God."

Pastor Charles W. Phillips of Des Moines' First Unitarian Church testified that many theologians are in "complete disagreement" over Christianity's fundamental principles. Four more ministers—two Lutherans, a Baptist and an Episcopalian—did their earnest best, and made confusion worse confounded.

When it was over, District Judge Shanon B. Charlton, a Methodist, prudently gave himself several weeks in which to prepare his decision.

Biblical Landmark

It began with a Methodist publisher's casual question over a dinner table: "What, in your judgment, is the most urgent task in religious publishing today?" Answered scholarly Dr. George Buttrick of Manhattan's Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church: "A new commentary on the Bible which would bridge the gap between the exegesis [interpreters] and rank & file teachers and preachers."

That was ten years ago. Last week the first volume of just such a commentary was off the presses. Entitled *The Interpreter's Bible*, and prepared under Dr. Buttrick's general editorial direction, the new commentary is a landmark of biblical scholarship.

Exegesis & Exposition. The sheer statistics of the job are staggering. Buttrick and his collaborators have already spent seven years on it, and the twelfth and last volume will not be ready for six years more. The completed job will represent the work of 146 Protestant scholars (of more than 25 denominations), will consist of some 10,000 pages, and will cost more than \$1,000,000. The publishers, the Abingdon-Cokesbury Press (Methodist), expect to sell individual volumes

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But the grand design of *The Interpreter's Bible* is more impressive than any statistics. Each page is divided horizontally into three parts. At the top, in parallel columns, run two translations of the Bible's text—the 17th Century King James version and the Revised Standard version. Below the text is a band of exegesis. Writes Dr. Buttrick of this part of the work:

"A reader who casts his eye on a line of scripture and accepts what it 'seems to mean' is dealing in astrology or pre-Copernican astronomy rather than in the present wonder of heavenly truth. Truth depends, not alone on accuracy of meaning, but on its total setting—on what a word or a phrase meant for its original speaker in the original time and occasion."

Below the band of exegesis on each page



EDITOR BUTTRICK
He is holding a noun and an adjective.

comes an "exposition"—a commentary on the text which ministers should find helpful in preparing sermons, the laymen in their devotions.

Living History. The volume published last week contains the first two Gospels (Matthew and Mark). The exegesis of Matthew is by Episcopal Dean Sherman E. Johnson of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, the exposition by Dr. Buttrick. The exegesis of Mark is by Episcopal Professor Frederick C. Grant of Union Theological Seminary, and the exposition by Methodist Professor Halford E. Luccock of Yale Divinity School. The other scholars are of similar high standing.

Fifty years ago, such a commentary would have been much concerned with the so-called "higher criticism." i.e., the 19th Century emphasis on computing the age of manuscripts and comparing texts and writing styles in an effort to determine authorship and authenticity.

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Biblical critics nowadays are grateful for the work of their 19th Century predecessors. But, says Professor Samuel Terrien of Union Theological Seminary, they "have come to realize that many extreme positions [of the "higher criticism"] which were widely held at the beginning of the 20th Century should be either utterly rejected, or at least corrected in the direction of a qualified conservatism . . . It is no longer a matter of crucial importance to know whether or not Moses wrote the Pentateuch in its present form, whether or not Isaiah of Jerusalem was responsible for all the chapters of the book which bears his name, whether or not Matthew the publican composed the first canonical gospel."

The scholars, says Scholar Terrien, "are learning that biblical scholarship cannot be divorced from contemporary Christian testimony. Indeed, they even begin to sense that, in order to penetrate to the core of biblical religion, they must give up the delusion of 'absolute' scientific objectivity . . . They must join, with humility and consecration, the [fellowship] of the saved and look at it from within."

The Turning. It is in this new, committed kind of scholarship that *The Interpreter's Bible* has been written. As Dr. Buttrick sums it up: "There is only one Book. That Book is the noun; other books are but poor adjectives . . ."

"There are signs that our era is turning from ruinous doctrines of self-help to a new obedience to God's will and power, from man's exploitive skill to a trust in God's mercy in Jesus Christ. We pray that *The Interpreter's Bible* may hasten that turning, and prepare the way along which Christ shall come to reign in love, 'King of kings, and Lord of lords.'³³

Words of the Week

"There are two ultimate dangers besetting present-day preoccupation with the problem of human rights. The first is . . . the danger of materialism. Who is not clamoring today for his economic rights, for what is called a decent standard of living? . . . There is a deadly danger that in our enthusiasm for economic and social justice we forget that man cannot live by bread alone . . .

"The second danger is . . . the danger of humanism. We have been endlessly speaking of *human rights*, as though there was nothing except man in the universe, as though he was the center of existence . . . It is very well to speak of human rights, but may it not be that these rights have of late been disturbed or disregarded precisely because man—modern man, clever man, proud man, sensuous man, self-sufficient man—has ceased to stand in fear and awe before that which is above him?

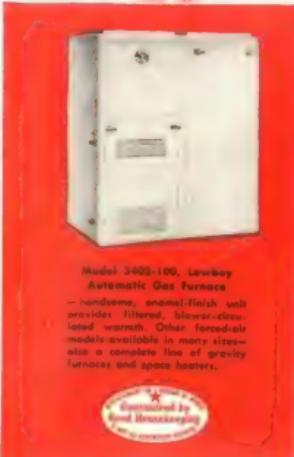
"If we have *our rights*, God also has *His rights* over us; and in vain shall we seek *our rights* until, confessing our sins, we recognize in all brokenness and humility the dominion of God over the course of history and of human life!"

—Charles Malik, Lebanon Deleg ate to U.N., in *Commonweal*.

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ART



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JONES'S "PITTSBURGH WATERFRONT"
From reformatory to Communism to soles.

Plumbers v. Sculptors

Architecturally speaking, Frank Lloyd Wright and John Ruskin are as uneasy a pair as a modern canvas roof supported by a Victorian marble arch. Yet Osbert Lancaster, a one-time editor of *Britain's Architectural Review*, thinks that Wright's Modern Functionalism and Ruskin's Gothic Revival movement have a striking similarity. Last week, in a talk over the BBC's polysyllabic Third Program, Critic Lancaster charged that both schools rode their horses too hard:

"The Goths maintained, perfectly correctly, given . . . the prevailing intellectual climate of their time, that Gothic was the only style for churches. Where they went wildly wrong was to advance from this premise the untenable proposition that Gothic was the only style for railway stations."

"Similarly, the moderns were 100% correct in maintaining that crenellations and lancets were out of place on power stations." Where the moderns stumbled was in thinking that homes and churches can have their "function" worked out with all the architectural austerity of a powerhouse or railroad station.

What should an architect try to do, anyway? Said Lancaster: "The role of the architect lies between that of the plumber and the sculptor, but seldom midway. If, like the majority of 19th Century architects, he is an esthetic snob, he will get as close to the sculptor as he can. If, like most contemporary artists, he is an inverted snob, he will suck up to the plumber . . . Their conflicting theories [are] almost exactly complementary and, in my view, equally suspect."

Angry Man Calms Down

In his fiercer aspects, Joe Jones* was one of the angriest proletarian painters of the 1930s. His canvases were packed with demonstrators, motherless waifs and starving victims of capitalist greed. In his milder moods, he turned our farm scenes in the best Midwestern tradition, with bright,

theatrical coloring. Said Joe Jones, simply and violently: "I want to paint things that knock holes in walls."

This week a new show by a new Joe Jones was on view in Manhattan: 20 delicately colored, wiry-lined pictures of beaches, towns and harbors, scenes just as American as his old bosomy wheatfields, but painted with a French accent something like Dufy's, astrigent instead of earthy, and without a spark of sorrow or anger in them. Even Jones's signature had changed from bold printing to graceful handwriting.

Said the new Joe Jones, a boyish, successful and supremely confident artist at 42, "I didn't want to sit on top of a reputation."

Surprise, Surprise. Jones got his confidence and painting experience the hard way, after a rowdy but resourceful childhood in St. Louis' drab north side. His first sketches, chalked on his school walls, landed him in the reformatory, where he spent six months (aged ten) for petty vandalism. In his late teens, while working as a house painter, he studied colors and

composition by himself, at 19 won a prize in a citywide art competition. Five years later, one of his pictures was exhibited at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art.

By the mid-'30s, he was painting in the gusty mood of Thomas Benton's rising Midwestern school. But the strained, angry faces he gave his farmer subjects betrayed the influence of Marxart. Swayed by left-wing friends and the memories of a rough childhood, the ex-house painter went socially conscious with a vengeance. In 1934, after an uproar over his teaching of mixed white and Negro art classes in St. Louis' Old Courthouse (where slaves had once been auctioned), Jones joined the Communist Party.

The glamour of being a revolutionary ultimately wore off, and Jones found that his artistic progress was being slowed to a stumble by the party lock-step. Moreover, he found out, rather to his surprise, that the party was not just a place to let off steam but "a political movement." Increasingly enmeshed in the pleasures of bourgeois life, the rising young painter had no time left for party politics. Finally, he got out.

Space, Not Objects. After he erased "class war" from his pictures, Jones found he was equally unhappy painting bounding yellow wheatfields (which by 1940 were on view in the country's leading museums). On a trip to Alaska as a war artist in 1943, he began to experiment with delicate lines and low-toned colors. In a show held the next year, he unveiled the result. ("People said they were French. What the hell—they were more Japanese than French, and anyway I'm American and they were paintings.")

Jones describes his new style as a reaction against "the preoccupation with light and shade that has victimized Western art since the Renaissance." His goal is to create "space, not objects." "I'm not interested in the humanism of the subject. I'm interested in the humanism of the line."

His new paintings sell considerably

PICTURES ON THE FLOOR

In the 1,600-year-old ruins of a sumptuous villa, near Piazza Armerina in central Sicily, archaeologists have uncovered the finest late-Roman mosaics ever found. The villa was destroyed in a landslide 500 years ago. Buried under 16 to 26 feet of earth and rubble, the floors thus far excavated have turned out to be a treasure of stone and glass picture-carpets.

The villa was apparently built by one Ancius Petronius Probus, Rome's proconsul for Sicily in 406 and an ancestor of Pope Gregory the Great. Down the corridors of time, conquering Byzantines, Saracens and Normans trod its glittering floors. About a third of them have now been uncovered.

Gingerly rolling back the tide of earth in one hall, 13 feet wide, the excavators found a mosaic picturing an African big-game hunt (*see opposite page*). After uncovering 72 feet of the hall, the end of the mosaic was nowhere in sight. Fishing scenes and pictures drawn from the myths of Hercules and Orpheus embellished other rooms of the villa. Probably the most startling discovery was the mosaic floor of what archaeologists guess was once a girls' gymnasium. There a laurel-crowned prizewinner and her willowy companions disport themselves in skimpy woolen garb—an unmistakable preview of today's "Bikini" style of undress.

* No kin of James Jones, author of *From Here to Eternity*.



PIAZZA ARMERINA MOSAIC: AFRICAN BIG GAME HUNT

James Whistler



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better than the old ones. He now lives comfortably in Morristown, N.J., with his wife and four children. He has become more & more intellectual about his paintings, and it makes him smile a little. "I was always against the intellectuals. It's good to be against 'em until you are one," he says. "Then you can be for 'em."

Beauty & the Beatas

In Bogotá, Colombia, art lovers think highly of José Rodríguez' painting—especially his nubile nudes. They also think that Rodríguez, a shy and reticent man of 45, is not widely enough known. Last month, in an effort to get him a bigger audience, Director Teresa Cuervo of Bogotá's National Museum opened a four-week show of his work.

Bogotá's art fraternity was enthusiastic about Rodríguez' luminous beauties. The Spanish ambassador asked to borrow two



RODRÍGUEZ NUDE

The Spanish ambassador asked for two.

of them for exhibition in Spain. But decency leaguers, known as the *beatas* (the pious ones), were scandalized. Father Eduardo Ospina, Jesuit professor of art at the Universidad Javeriana, sided with the *beatas*: "Crowds don't possess the artistic capacity to appreciate the total beauty of the human body." Bogotá's Roman Catholic archbishop, Monsignor Crisanto Luque, formally asked the Education Ministry (which runs the museum) to take the offending ladies down.

The unfortunate museum officials obeyed with artistic indirection. They announced that, unhappily, damaged lighting system would force them to close until, as it happened, the last day of Rodríguez' show. Last week, after several days of embarrassed silence, Education Minister Rafael Azula conceded that the lighting failure was no coincidence. "There was a moral aspect involved in the Rodríguez exhibition," he explained.

A visitor to the exhibition put it more simply: "Rodríguez' women are divine. The trouble is they're too much alive." Shrugged Rodríguez: "It was a pity... The public was just beginning to take notice." Then the shy artist went back to his studio to paint more nudes.



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The New Shows

Herb Shriner Time (Thurs., 9 p.m., ABC-TV) brings a latter-day and considerably less-than-life-size Will Rogers to the TV screen. Shriner, a transplanted Hoosier, has most of the master's mannerisms, from the errant lock of hair to the



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HERB SHRINER
Less than life-size.

habit of quizzically scratching his ear. And he has some of Rogers' owlish humor. On the opening show, Shriner followed a comic monologue about an Indiana postmaster with a small-town skit that contained liberal borrowings from such poles-apart sources as Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* and Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. Beneath all the imitative layers is a distinct and often funny Shriner personality, which shows to good advantage in his gentle ribbing of the sponsor's product, Arrow Shirts.

The Frank Sinatra Show (Tues. 8 p.m., CBS-TV), with the unenviable job of bucking the Milton Berle show, puts its major reliance on song. To the accompaniment of girlish squeals from the studio audience, Sinatra and his guests (Ferry Como, Frankie Laine, the Andrews Sisters, Broderick Crawford) alternate their

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songs with rather painful comedy sketches. Though no longer in the best of voice, Sinatra keeps his 60-minute show moving, lends a hand with the commercials and engages each guest star in brief and occasionally entertaining badinage.

Keep Posted (Tues. 8:30 p.m., Du Mont) is also challenging Milton Berle, but with more adult fare than Sinatra. A 30-minute panel show intended to help television viewers "think clearly," *Keep Posted* is produced by two TV veterans, Lawrence Spivak and Martha Rountree (*Meet the Press*). The opening show, trying to decide "What's Next in China?", was something of a hizzle because of a last-minute cancellation by Henry Wallace, subpoenaed by a congressional committee intent on the same question.

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS-TV), another big-budget TV drama, concentrates on top Hollywood & Broadway names. So far, the star system has backfired: the talents of Helen Hayes and David Niven were wasted in a soggy romance called *Not a Chance*, while Cinemactor John Payne had only to tighten his jaw muscles menacingly as the Government agent in *The Name Is Bellingham*, a routine thriller about dope smugglers. But *Bellingham* was noteworthy for imaginative camerawork, some nice atmosphere touches, and the repeated scene-stealing of minor Actor Guy Thomajon as a devious Chinese businessman.

Cartoon Critic

Cartoonist Harold T. Webster doesn't own a television set, has never seen a Milton Berle show, and would rather play bridge than watch Faye Emerson, plunging neckline and all. Yet his once-a-week cartoon, *The Unseen Audience*, has made him one of the nation's best and best-known critics of radio & television.

Mostly, Webster pictures the radio & TV audience at its moments of greatest strain: clubbed senseless by commercials, drowned in the soap-opera flood, lacerated by thrillers, held slack-jawed and limp before the endless, banal assault on ear and eye and mind. When his characters are caught with their sets off, they exhibit every nuance of the Walter Mitty syndrome: grandmothers speak to one another with the accents of private eyes; moppets dry-guich their parents from behind the furniture; housewives confront their startled husbands with all the teary grandeur of *John's Other Wife*.

From some of his readers, Webster draws blood instead of chuckles. An outraged network executive complained to the New York *Herald Tribune*, Webster's employer, that *The Unseen Audience* is undermining the confidence of the American public. Says Webster: "The burden of his letter was that he wanted me muzzled." Another wrote, more in sorrow than in anger, agreeing that the industry had its shortcomings and suggesting that Webster drop in some time and talk the whole thing over ("The burden of his letter was that the profits were so juicy they just couldn't help themselves").

Though a relentless foe of all commer-

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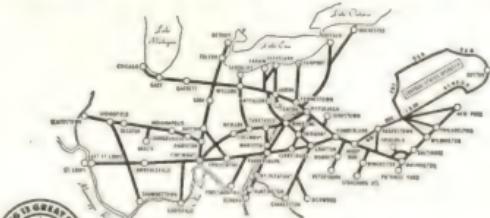
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ials ("I've never knowingly bought anything I heard advertised on the air"). Webster is gentler in his handling of the programs themselves, and sometimes worries for fear one of his satires may make a performer unhappy. Last week he was cheered to get a letter from *The Lonesome Gal* (TIME, June 26, 1950), assuring him that she was delighted with a recent cartoon that showed an adolescent snarling "Mush!" at her honeyed comments.

A scholarly 66-year-old six-footer who mistakenly believes he looks like his own Casper Milquetoast, Webster makes up



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"THE UNSEEN AUDIENCE"
When the set's off, dry-gulched.

for his lack of a TV set by having half a dozen radios in his Stamford, Conn. house. He is at his drawing board an average of six hours a day ("if you count the time I spend dreading the whole idea"), and usually has the radio on while he works. His favorite programs: *Dragnet* ("because it's played with more restraint than most whodunits") and *Mary Margaret McBride* ("because she's usually interviewing someone I know").

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Oct. 19. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Stage 52 (Sun. 6:30 p.m., ABC). Dramatization of French Novelist Georges Simenon's thriller, *The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By*.

Cavalcade of America (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). Linda Darnell in *Your Friend in White*.

Game of the week (Sat. 2:45 p.m., Mutual). Northwestern v. Navy.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Rosalind Russell in *Never Wave at a WAC*.

Football (Sat. 1:45 p.m., NBC). Yale v. Cornell (Eastern network). Ohio State v. Indiana (Western network).

Ken Murray Show (Sat. 8 p.m., CBS). Guests: Josephine Hull, Barbara Britton.

Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Jack Carson.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *Macbeth*, with Charlton Heston, Judith Evelyn.

TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1951

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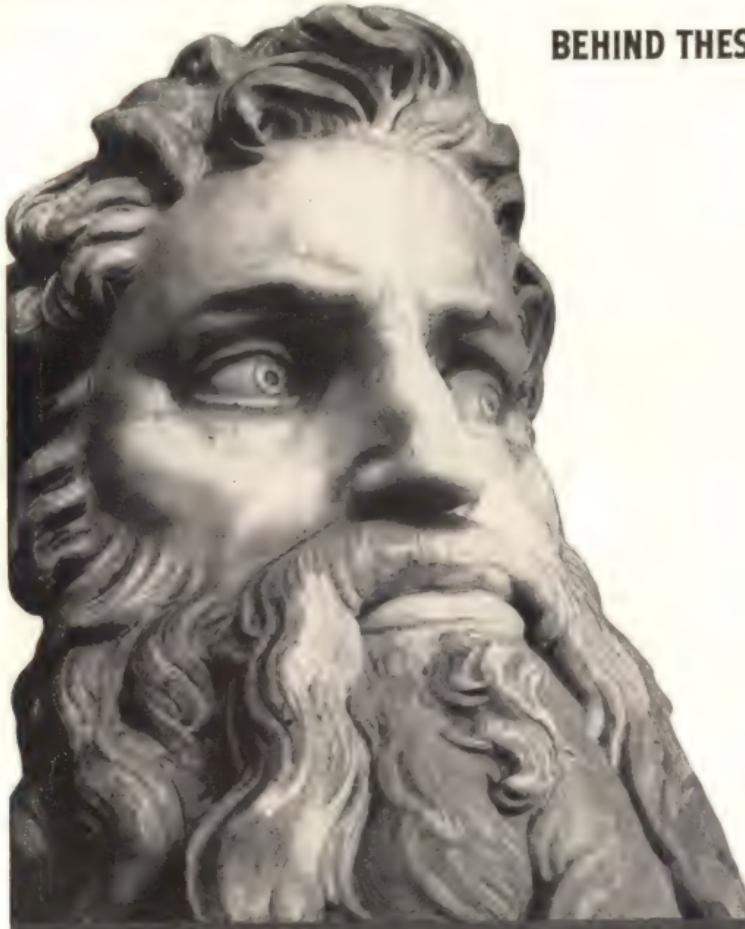
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The State of Israel \$500,000,000 Bond Issue is intended to promote the economic development of the State. The proceeds of the Bond Issue are to be used for the purchase of machinery, raw materials, equipment and other items designed to increase the country's productive facilities so that it may earn and save foreign currency. Of the total amount, \$205,000,000 is to be allocated for investment in the fields of industry and power. The sum of

\$130,000,000 has been designated for agricultural projects; \$40,000,000 for the development of harbors, shipping and railroads; \$45,000,000 for trade and services including the development of the tourist industry; and \$30,000,000 for the establishment of a government mortgage bank for housing.

The balance, after payment of the expenses of the issue, is to serve as a reserve for unanticipated projects or for increased expenditures for the designated projects.

The Government's economic development program involves a total projected expenditure of \$1,500,000,000, of which \$500,000,000 is to be provided by Israel and other countries, and the balance is to be obtained in the United States. The \$500,000,000 State of Israel Bond Issue is the largest single source of funds for this program.

With immigration proceeding at the rate of 200,000 a year, Israel requires capital imports to meet the large investment necessary to create permanent employment opportunities and housing for the newcomers. A balanced and mature economy will as a rule produce enough to cover the con-

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INDEPENDENCE BOND ISSUE

surpive needs of its population and to provide for some further investment to increase productivity. But under the best conditions, current production cannot begin to supply the huge capital needs of a population that is increasing at the enormous rate experienced by Israel. Palestine and Israel, therefore, have always had an adverse trade balance—like many other countries facing immigration and development tasks, including the United States, Australia and New Zealand. As immigration increased, so did the adverse trade balance. The import surplus served to meet the investment needs of the economy. For 1949 receipts on current account were (expressed in Israel Pounds, I.L.) I.L. 20,600,000 and payments, I.L. 94,100,000. For 1950 receipts on current account were I.L. 23,800,000 and payments, I.L. 113,400,000.

It is one of the major purposes of the Bond Issue to improve Israel's balance of trade through the establishment of new industrial and agricultural enterprises and through the expansion of production for export as well as for home consumption.

As of December 31, 1950, the funded debt was I.L. 114,200,000 and the floating debt, I.L. 1,300,000. The figures do not include any Treasury

Bills, because of their relationship to the Special Defense Budget which has not been disclosed for security reasons.

Israel has never at any time defaulted upon the payment of principal or interest on any debt.

The budget of the Government reflect the objectives of the State of Israel to provide for the immigration and absorption of a large number of Jews. From May 15, 1948 to March 31, 1949, receipts were I.L. 28,885,000 and expenditures, I.L. 27,529,000. From April 1, 1949 to March 31, 1950, receipts were I.L. 92,876,000 and expenditures I.L. 93,800,000. From April 1, 1950 to January 31, 1951, receipts were I.L. 113,473,000 and expenditures I.L. 112,087,000. These figures do not include Special Defense Budget expenditures or receipts from internal loans financing same.

The American Financial and Development Corporation for Israel with headquarters at 120 Broadway, New York 5, New York, is the principal underwriter for the State of Israel Bond Issue. The commissions or discounts are not to exceed 3½%.



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TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1951

EDUCATION

Change of Address

It would have been a big day for any college. It was even more of an occasion for a college without a classroom or dormitory in sight. Baptist Harry Truman was there (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). So were President Gordon Gray of the University of North Carolina and thousands of other notables who had come to "Reynolds," just outside of Winston-Salem, for the ceremony. At the ripe old age of 117, Baptist Wake Forest College (enrollment: 1703) was breaking ground on

ident Harold Tribble, a Baptist theologian from Charlottesville, paid no heed to the skeptics. He argued and begged at alumni banquets, civic meetings and Baptist groups. He pointed out again & again that the Reynolds Foundation had no intention of trying to run the college or change its name. Finally, half the necessary \$15 million was in.

Wake Forest hired a Manhattan architect to plan a new campus down to the last magnolia tree, sold its old one to the Southern Baptist Convention. The architect drew plans for a new chapel, univers-



WAKE FOREST'S NEW CAMPUS (ARCHITECT'S MODEL)
They walked 110 miles for a Camel.

Bill Ray

its brand new campus—110 miles from its old one near Raleigh, N.C.

The college first decided to walk 110 miles for a Camel five years ago, when the Zachary Smith Reynolds Foundation began pouring some of its Camel millions into education (TIME, April 22, 1946). The foundation offered the college the income from a \$12,000,000 trust fund if it would move to industrial Winston-Salem. Then Charles Babcock, a Reynolds in-law, offered a 350-acre site. Wake Forest took one look at its own puny campus (25 acres), decided to accept, and set out to raise the money on its own to build a whole new college from scratch.

Some Baptists and alumni protested hotly that the college was getting smeared with tobacco stains. They warned that if Wake Forest took the money, it might "lose its soul" might even find its name changed to Camel University.* But Pres-

sity center, library, science building, gymnasium, four dormitories for men and two for women. The college will add other buildings later.

Wake Forest's first-rate medical school is already in Winston-Salem. Its law school now ranks with Duke and Chapel Hill. By the time the new campus opens, in the fall of 1954, Wake Forest College hopes to change its name to "Wake Forest University."

Change of Command

One professor called it "the blackest day in the history of the college," and many of his colleagues agreed with him. The College of William and Mary, not yet recovered from its athletic scandal and the resignation of President John Edwin Pomfret (TIME, Sept. 24), was once again in a state of shock. The center of the storm this time: the man who had been chosen as President Pomfret's successor.

The faculty had nothing against its new president personally—even though he was a military man rather than a scholar. Rear Admiral Alvin Duke Chandler, 49, director of the Navy's logistics plans division, seemed able, energetic and affable enough

* A fate which had already overtaken Little Tomato College in 1924 when it accepted \$6,000,000 of tobacco money and became Duke University. A story of the time has it that one amused onlooker suggested an appropriate compromise: "The Father, Son and J. B. Duke University."

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and his father, Julian A. C. Chandler, had been a William and Mary president before him (1919-34). The only thing wrong with Admiral Chandler, the faculty insisted, was the highhanded way he had been chosen.

It was all done in a surprise move by the Board of Visitors, which previously had indicated that it had no intention of choosing a president until next spring. The board had even invited a faculty committee to make suggestions and recommendations. Then, without notifying the committee, or even telling Acting President James Wilkinson Miller, philosophy professor and chairman of the Division of Humanities, the board in closed session suddenly made its decision.

The first word the faculty heard of it was over the 6 p.m. local news broadcast. By next afternoon, the professors had drawn up a formal protest, denouncing the



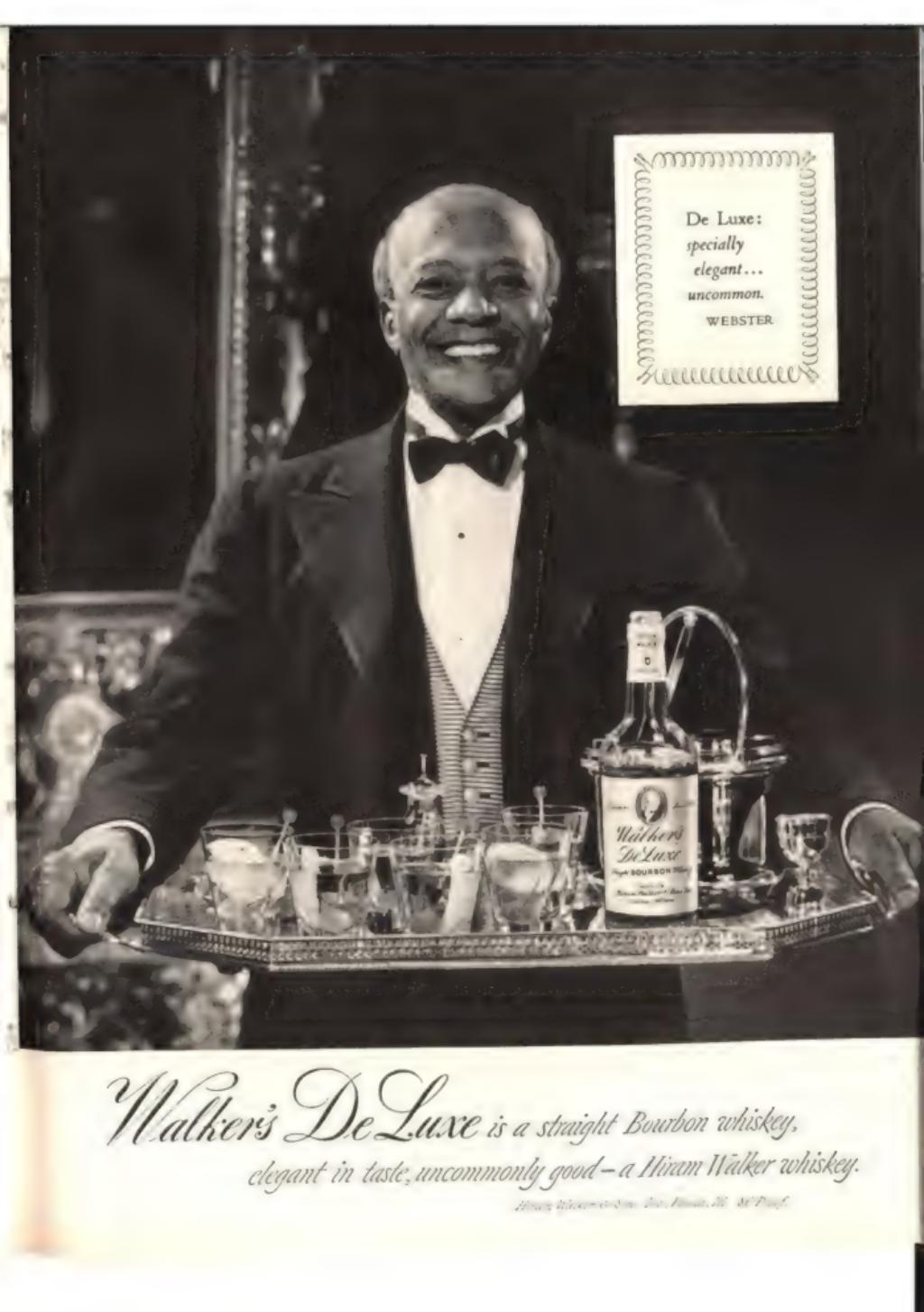
George Hayton

REAR ADMIRAL CHANDLER
Since 9 a.m., it's mister.

action as a gross "violation of accepted academic practice and the traditions of the college . . ." The board's reply was to move the admiral's installation up a day earlier. To Dean Nelson Marshall, who pushed through the athletic investigation last spring, this was nothing less than a "studied insult to our faculty," and he resigned forthwith.

Through this campus gale last week the smiling admiral ("It's 'mister' now—since 9 o'clock this morning") seemed to be setting a confident course. Just why the board had chosen him, no one on campus quite knew, though some suspected that it was "a move of vengeance" directed against the faculty's recent attempt to take over the college athletic policy (TIME, Oct. 1).

In any case, the admiral was obviously determined to carry on. "I'm a great believer in loyalty," said he to his new crew. "Loyalty up and loyalty down. I give loyalty and I expect loyalty of everyone at



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92

this college." Despite a falling barometer and the nasty weather piling up on the horizon, the admiral seemed to expect nothing but smooth sailing aboard the good ship William and Mary.

Intercollegiate Library

As every professor knows, U.S. university libraries are suffering from growing pains. They are doubling in size every ten to 15 years, collections are scattered and uncoordinated, storage space is running out, and budgets getting thin. But last week, at the University of Chicago, something was finally done to better the trend.

There, the big new Midwest Library Center, four years in the making, opened for business, was soon jangling with orders from campuses in a dozen states. Built with money from the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations, it is a combination warehouse, distribution and information center for 14 Midwest universities* and the famed John Crerar science library in Chicago.

From now on, the 15 libraries will no longer have to worry about finding room for their little-used but necessary books. They will pack them off to the center for storage. Pooling their budgets, they will now be able to buy books in common, building up great collections together they could never have afforded alone.

The center's master catalogue will cover all the libraries, and a copy of it will be placed on each campus. From now on, a scholar at one university will have access to the treasures of many. All he will have to do is to look up what he wants in the catalogue, send a message by teletype, and the center will mail it out.

In time, the 15 members hope, such super-libraries will be erected all over the U.S., forming a giant network with Washington at its center. By last week, the idea was spreading. In Massachusetts, Amherst, Smith and Mt. Holyoke Colleges—all within 15 miles of each other—were planning to set up an inter-library center of their own.

Report Card

¶ Out of 339,000 college students who took the draft deferment test last spring, 37% flunked, will be liable for service whenever their draft boards want them.

¶ After studying the compulsory education laws of 48 nations, UNESCO announced that British and Tasmanian children are required to spend more time in school (ten years) than any others. Next: U.S. children, who in most states spend nine. Last in line: Indonesian children, who don't have to go to school at all.

¶ The University of North Carolina, overwhelmed with protests, changed its mind about expelling its Negro graduate students to end-zone seats during football games (TIME, Oct. 8). Last week the Negroes got regular student passes.

* Chicago, Kansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Northwestern, Illinois, Illinois Institute of Technology, Indiana, Purdue, Cincinnati, Michigan State, Wisconsin, Wayne, and Notre Dame.

TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1951

Born 1820 ...still going strong

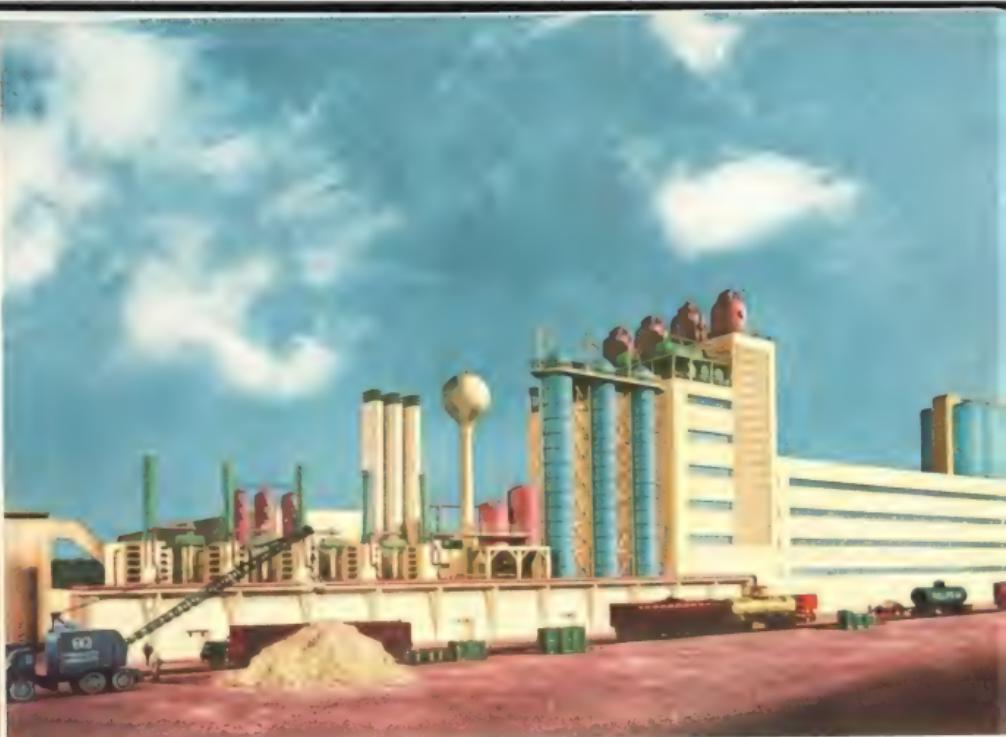


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SPORT

The Old Pro

The World Champion New York Yankees efficiently set about winning their third straight World Series last week. Even up after four games, they made it look easy in the fifth game (13-1); they did it the hard way in the sixth (4-3). But, as usual,^{*} they did it (4 games to 2). And, as usual, Old Pro Joe DiMaggio made the difference.

Hitless in the first three games, Joe talked his troubles over with Old Slugger Lefty O'Doul. O'Doul told Joe that he was taking his eye off the ball and swinging high. Joe changed his stance, and the Yankees began to roll. In the fourth game, DiMaggio exploded with a single and a homer. In the fifth, he connected for two



Entertainment Weekly
YANKEES' DiMAGGIO
Say it isn't so, Joe.

singles, setting the stage for Rookie Infielder Gil McDougald's grand-slam homer, and smacked a two-run double that completed the worst World Series rout in 15 years.

The Ultimate Compliment. In the sixth game, the Giant pitchers paid DiMaggio the ultimate compliment. Twice, with runners on base, Joe got an intentional walk so that the Giants could pitch to McDougald. The first time, the strategy worked. But in the sixth inning, after DiMaggio's second pass, Johnny Mize walked and Outfielder Hank Bauer punched out a long triple that put the Yankees ahead, 4-1. In his final turn at bat,† Joe blasted another double, then was

* In 30 years, the Yankees have won 18 pennants, 14 World Series.

† Joe's 199th in his 31st series game, breaking Frank Frisch's records of 197 at-bats, 50 series games.

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out trying to take third on a bunt. It was a sloppy play and nothing to cheer about, but as DiMaggio jogged from the field, the crowd, sensing that they might be seeing Joe in action for the last time, rose to its feet and gave him a rousing ovation.

The Giants never gave up, pushed across two runs in the ninth, had the tying run on second. But with no DiMaggio to give them the scoring punch, the Giants could not quite make it. Rightfielder Bauer, with a skidding, diving catch, came up with the ball for the final out.

After the game, Yankee Manager Casey Stengel gave Joe a heartfelt slap on the back. "Without you," said Casey, "we couldn't have done it." But last week, packing in preparation for a barnstorming trip to Korea, DiMaggio said the words that Stengel and his teammates hated to hear: "I've made up my mind to retire."

The Picture Player. If Joe meant what he said, he was writing the end to a 16-year career that had made the youngster from the San Francisco fishing wharfs a public idol almost overnight. Modest to the point of reticence, and a moody introvert at times, Joe has always lacked the flash and dash of a Babe Ruth or a Ty Cobb; he was a perfectionist of the diamond, a picture player in the Frank Chance tradition. No catch ever looked tough, the way Joe loped up and cradled it. No stance at the plate—but poised and feet widespread—was ever so widely imitated. None could match the easy swinger who banged out 361 homers, played on ten world championship teams.

Now, just a month short of 37, with the bounce gone out of his legs, the zip out of his arm, and a bit of the bang out of his bat, Joe could still play the game—from memory—better than most outfielders. He obviously wanted to call it quits while he was still on top. But, like most champions, he could not quite bring himself to the final exit. On Yankee President Dan Topping's urging, he agreed to think it over before making up his mind for good.

Is Everybody Cheating?

Since last winter's basketball scandals, almost every sport has become fair game for reformers. This week, attacking on four fronts, probers, investigators and plain publicity hounds were sniffing around trying to ferret out some of the more noisome complaints:

¶ The Department of Justice attacked the National Football League's restrictions on the telecasting of games. "If this suit is successful," warned a DOJ man, "action will be taken in the cases of all other sporting events."

¶ A congressional committee, picking up where it left off last summer, called more witnesses in its investigation of monopoly in baseball. Main targets: 1) the reserve clause, which binds a player to one club until he is sold or traded; 2) the player draft, which allows the majors to snatch Pacific Coast Leaguers for \$10,000.

¶ A federal grand jury in New York, where the International Boxing Club has its headquarters, was trying to 1) find out whether a fighter can get a big city match



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unless he signs one of the I.B.C.'s "exclusive" contracts, and 2) uncover some of boxing's undercover managers.

¶ Congressman Victor Anfuso of New York, disturbed by reports of "illegal betting, bribery, manipulation of races, and other illegal and nefarious methods of cheating," introduced a bill to find out just who owns the nation's race tracks.

Not content with such halfway measures, New York's Congressmen L. Gary Clemente proposed an all-out effort: a super committee to investigate "all phases of football, basketball, baseball, boxing, racing, and other sporting contests or exhibitions, or competitions, or games, or matches (professional or otherwise)."

Football's Big Six

In a football season already tainted by the West Point cribbing affair and threatened by investigations from all sides (see above), there were still a couple of pleasant surprises. With emphasis on the sin-



TENNESSEE'S LAURICELLA
For perfection, 500 rehearsals.

gloving attack, and less of the hipper-dipper intricacies of the T formation, football was a lot easier to watch. The best teams were also easier to see. With the decline of Army and Notre Dame, football's center of gravity had shifted and spread; the nation's top teams are now scattered from Tennessee to California, with regional powerhouses in the Midwest (Michigan State), the deep South (Georgia Tech), the Southwest (Texas) and the East (Princeton). The nation's leaders:

Tennessee, which last week rolled over Chattanooga, 42-13. General Bob Neyland, in his 20th coaching year for the Volunteers, has fielded another of his meticulously perfect single-wing attacks (plays are rehearsed 500 times), sparked by Halfback Hank Lauricella. The defense, always a Neyland specialty, is anchored this year by All-America Guard

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Ted Daffier, and has been scored on only twice this season.

California, which beat Washington State, 42-35. Coach Lynn ("Pappy") Waldorf has put the West Coast back on the football map. The Golden Bears' 125-man squad, with no real standouts except Fullback Johnny Olszewski, generates a potent T attack (166 points) and a crushing defense (49 points to opponents).

Michigan State, which edged out unheralded Marquette, 20-14. Rated the nation's No. 1 early in the season, Coach Biggie Munn's combined single-wing and T offense has sputtered more than it has sparked behind sophomore Quarterback Al Dorow. But Michigan State's come-from-behind victories over Ohio State and Marquette make it tough to beat.

Georgia Tech, which romped over Louisiana State, 25-7. Coach Bobby Dodd's Rambling Wrecks have engineered three of the most startling upsets of the young season (over Southern Methodist, 21-7; over Florida, 27-0; over Kentucky, 13-7). The standout in a light (181 lbs.) defensive line: Guard Ray Beck, who averages 50 minutes a game. The offensive spark of the T attack: Quarterback Darrel Crawford, with a 56% record of his passes completed this year.

Princeton, which upended another single-wing power, Pennsylvania, 13-7. Though Coach-of-the-Year Charlie Caldwell lost all but one of his undefeated 1950 offensive team, the one man remaining was the key man: Halfback Dick Kazmaier, All-America triple-threat. Defensive standouts: Guard Brad Glass and 60-minute End Frank McPhee. Princeton now has the longest major winning streak in the nation (16 straight), and only Cornell stands in the way of its second straight Ivy League title.

Texas, which gave once-mighty Oklahoma its second straight beating, 9-7. In a razzle-dazzle conference that includes such standout teams as Southern Methodist, Baylor and Texas A. & M., Defending Champion Texas has switched to a running game and a split T formation this season. Texas' biggest asset: speed. Biggest weakness: pass defense.

Who Won

¶ C. V. Whitney's Counterpoint, the \$50,000-added Jockey Club Gold Cup; at Belmont Park, N.Y. Counterpoint, winner of the mile-and-one-half Belmont Stakes, final event of the triple crown, nipped 1950's Horse of the Year, Hill Prince, by a head in the two-mile event.

¶ English Jockey Gordon Richards, his 200th race this year; at Lingfield, England. Richards, now 46, has ridden more winners than any other jockey (4,377), has hit the 200 mark each season for the last six years.

¶ Cheung Kin-man, 19, the annual cross-harbor (1,743 yards) swimming race; at Hong Kong. A record 877 swimmers, ranging in age from 9 to 62, splashed into the harbor before a mob of 30,000 onlookers crammed into junks, sampans and ferries to watch the fun. It was Cheung's fourth victory in the 44-year-old event.

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THE PRESS

"I Say It's Spinach"

Couldn't you let that skirt down a little, Mary Louise? It's only an inch below your garters.

For heaven's sake, mother! Do you want me to look like a monk?

Such captions would look long-winded in today's *New Yorker*, but they were standard for its first jokes in 1925. Then Editor Harold Ross learned to trim the words and let the picture do its share. His one-line caption cartoons have set the style of U.S. humor in the last two decades. This week, in *The New Yorker Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Album*, the magazine took a lingering backward glance at the fun it has had with the nation's manners & morals, from the speakeasy era to the atomic age. It also sketches the fine U.S. humor has taken, from Peter Arno's old-maidish "whoops" girls of the '20s ("I'm gonna show me profile, dearie!" "Profile? Whoops! I ain't even takin' me coat off"), close kin to the charwoman of London's *Punch*, to the ghoulish gaiety of Charles Addams. Many a *New Yorker*ism (*e.g.*, Cartoonist Carl Rose's "I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it") has become a part of the language. The *Album* proves that, when told right, there is no such thing as a stale joke.

Touring Trouble

At Quebec's old stone Citadel, the Boston Post's Grace Davidson managed to push her way into a reception for Princess Elizabeth and ended up shaking hands with her. This was enough to give Reporter Davidson a *Post* "exclusive" on how "I was presented to the Princess Elizabeth today." But most of the other British, Canadian and U.S. reporters covering Elizabeth and Philip's tour last week had no such luck. Many of the reporters might just as well have stayed home, for all the stories they got.

The angry newsmen were herded about by police, fenced in by red-tape, kept from all but the dreariest routine reporting. For example, just before the official state dinner at Ottawa, a press officer met the assembled correspondents and held up three red tickets. That was all there would be for the dinner, one each for a Canadian, an American and a British reporter. The chosen correspondents would have to wear white ties, and would get no dinner. Shouted the angry reporters: "Send the tickets back." None went.

Photographers had it even harder. U.S. and Canadian publications that wanted exclusive shots were told they would have to pool their pictures. At outdoor events, photographers were handled roughly by police; *LIFE's* Leonard McCombe was bashed in the mouth by a Mountie.

Some Canadian papers had trouble printing what they did get. The Toronto *Telegram* turned down two photos because the crowds were too small. The Sherbrooke (Quebec) *Daily Record* print-



Cope, 1929, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.
 "It's broccoli, dear." "I say it's spinach,
 and I say the hell with it."



Cope, 1930, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.
 "Good night, Mrs. Parker.
 It's been perfectly charming."



Cope, 1934, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.
 "My man don't wrestle till we hear
 it talk."



Cope, 1940, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.
 "Congratulations! It's a baby."

ed an Associated Press story that said "the Princess tried hard to enjoy [the banquet] but . . . fidgeted a lot and toyed restlessly with her silverware." Protest poured in from readers, and next day the *Record* hung its head in a Page One editorial, ruefully admitted that the story was "written by an American correspondent."

On the royal cruise along the Ottawa River, the press boat chugged a good 100 yards behind the royal barge, ran out of gas and finally had to be paddled to shore. By week's end, things were going more smoothly, thanks, in one case, to Philip. When he attended a Toronto Board of Trade luncheon, the Mounties barred the door to six newshounds with tickets. The luncheon, they were told, was stag. The newshounds' clucking reached Philip. Said he: "Have them admitted."

Secret Dogs of War

The dog story on Page One of Hearst's San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* looked as harmless as a puppy: the Stanford Research Institute wanted to rent ten acres of city-owned land to train Army dogs in spotting land mines.

A *Call-Bulletin* reporter picked up the story at the city's Public Utilities Commission; the institute's rental request was listed on the commission's mimeographed calendar, open for public inspection. After the story was in print, the *Bulletin* called the institute (which is independent of Stanford University) for more facts, was told that the dog project was a military secret. The institute asked City Editor Jack McDowell to kill the story. Why, then, asked McDowell, hadn't the papers been warned that the project was classified? Answered an institute spokesman: "Oh, we couldn't do that. It would be a breach of security." Said McDowell: "They couldn't or wouldn't give any reason why the story would damage their project or hurt national security . . ." The *Bulletin* refused to kill the story. (The institute persuaded other San Francisco papers not to print the item.)

After President Truman's new security regulations, the *Call-Bulletin* was visited by an Army Engineers security officer from Fort Belvoir, Va. What he wanted to know from Managing Editor James A. Bales was whether the military "could depend in the future" on the *Call-Bulletin's* "cooperation with national defense and security."

Last week the *Call-Bulletin* told its readers what it had told the Army security officer: the *Call-Bulletin* "has always cooperated with the Government in the interest of national security . . . But nobody is going to dictate to this newspaper what it should print."

Changing Truth

Moscow's *Pravda* had a new editor, L. F. Illichev, former editor of *Izvestia*. He succeeded Mikhail Suslov. It became known only when *Pravda* (*Truth*) identified Illichev as its editor in a list of notables. Few (outside the Red hierarchy) know who Illichev is, or whether Suslov was fired, demoted, promoted or what.

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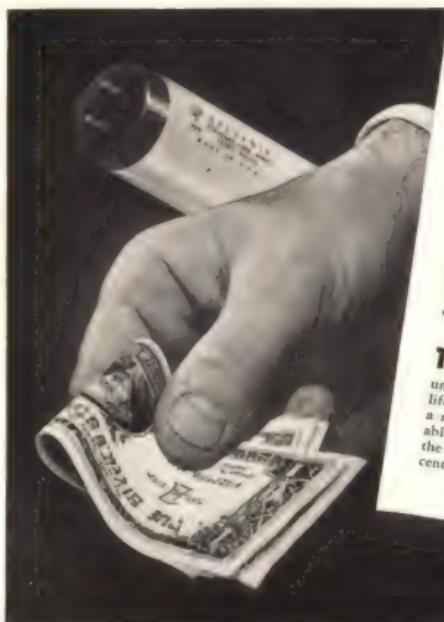
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

THE FUTURE

Road Through the Woods

"During the first six months of 1952," Defense Mobilizer Charlie Wilson said last week, "we shall move through a wood of shade and sometimes darkness. But then I believe we shall come out into the clearing." To a group of Congressmen who wanted to know how dark the woods might be, Wilson and Deputy Manly Fleischmann handed a light meter (for the first quarter):

Consumer-goods makers will take an overall cut from their present 58% of 1950 peak production to about 50%. They will get an estimated 11% less steel, 28% less copper, 17% less aluminum. Though some products might not be cut at all (e.g., electric light bulbs), less essential items, such as aluminum window-blinds, may be trimmed to 15% of their peak production.

Automakers will be allotted enough steel, copper and aluminum to turn out 930,000 cars in the first three months, v. 1,605,611 in 1951's first quarter. But if they can boost output by utilizing existing stocks and substitute materials, they will be authorized to turn out 1,006,000 cars.

Housebuilding will be maintained at 800,000 units a year, freight cars trimmed from 9,000 a month to 6,000, steel for hospitals and schools cut to 45% of the total demand. Even the military's metal supplies will be cut wherever Wilson believes they exceed the needs for immediately "doable" production. For example, the military's structural steel will be cut from their requested 192,000 tons to 171,000 tons.

With arms deliveries still only a trickle, many a Senator wondered where all the metal was going. It is now going to arms manufacturers, said Wilson, who are getting ready for mass production. They are chewing up supplies at the rate of \$8 billion a quarter, will use still more until the peak of \$10 billion a quarter is reached in the last quarter of 1952. By then, if Wilson's calculated risk on maintaining a guns-and-butter economy proves sound, the tremendously expanded production will be pouring out enough additional steel and aluminum to end the worst metal shortages and allow civilian production to start rising again.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

Devaluation Again?

After two years of comparative stability, some European currencies were so shaky last week that devaluation talk again filled the air. The French franc was in the most trouble. Between midsummer and early October, the franc on the Paris black bourse had cheapened from 365 to 400 to the dollar (official rate: 350). Last week it plummeted to 440.

Although inflation had been creeping up in France for some months, the headlong

drop was unexpectedly sudden. Frenchmen evidently feared that France's rearmament effort will be a real strain on resources when it changes from a sizable figure (on paper) of 10% of the gross national product to an even greater figure of actual production. Consequently, they were turning their francs into gold, dollars and goods. They also knew that if sterling was devalued, the franc—contrary to experience in September 1949—would not be prevented this time from following it all the way down.

Sterling was also weakening fast on the world's free markets. In Zurich, pound notes (smuggled into Switzerland by British tourists) were being sold (to people who would have to smuggle them back to



JIM RIOS
NATIONAL GYPSUM'S BAKER
In one year, a wall from coast to coast.

Britain before they could use them) for \$2.32, as against \$2.43 a week before. More seriously, "transferring sterling," which the British accept from European and other "soft currency" countries who cannot pay them in dollars, was selling in New York at \$2.40, a discount of 14% on the official rate of \$2.50. At this rate, slick continental operators could buy Malayan rubber or Australian wool (telling the British it was for their own account), then tranship it straight to New York and undersell Britain's direct, dollar-earning sales. This "leak" in Britain's tight control on sterling-into-dollar exchange was a potent cause of sterling's devaluation in September 1949.

Devaluation had plugged the leak, but sterling's recent fall has once more made such deals profitable, thus putting new pressure on the pound. As sterling wobbled, other currencies sensitive to sterling shook also. In Italy, the lira skidded to 688 to the \$1, the lowest point since last March.

BUILDING

Mechanized Marvel

As an ex-Tennessean turned Yankee industrialist, 66-year-old Melvin H. Baker has not forgotten his Southern hospitality. Last week the boss of Buffalo's National Gypsum Co. flew out to Medicine Lodge, Kans., to put on a party for the whole surrounding county. Schools were closed, and Baker set up free ice cream, pop and rides on a miniature railroad for 1,200 children, provided coffee, cupcakes and free ashtrays (made of gypsum) for their parents.

In this circus atmosphere, Ringmaster Baker showed off his newest act—one of the world's most completely mechanized plants. Rock gypsum, mechanically scooped up 20 miles away, is mechanically loaded, hauled to the plant, unloaded, ground, mixed in a paste and sandwiched between paper. Untouched by hand, it is rolled out of the plant as finished gypsum wallboard at the rate of 90 ft. a minute. Total men needed to watch the machinery: 19. In a year, three shifts can produce enough wallboard to build a wall eight feet high from coast to coast.

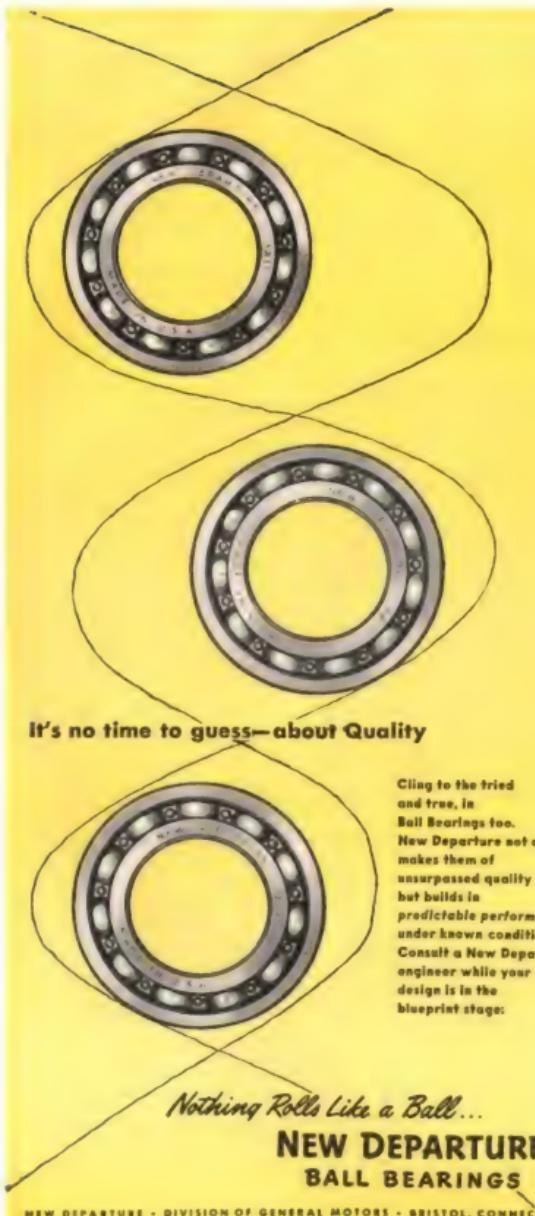
Beaver Boy. The new plant will help Baker to close the gap in his 26-year race to overtake Sewell Avery's giant U.S. Gypsum Co. In that race, Baker has already turned in a spring-legged performance. He quit Tennessee's small Carson-Newman Baptist college after two years, later started selling once-famed "Beaverboard" in the South for the old Beaver Co., rose to sales manager.

Beaver-busy, Baker moved on to Manhattan, was soon vice-president of a credit company. In 1925, when two former Beaver associates came to him with options on rich gypsum ores* near Buffalo, the three teamed up to form National Gypsum, and buck U.S. Gypsum, which then had a virtual monopoly on wallboard. They had \$150,000 in capital, and figured that they needed \$2,000,000. Baker raised it in four months by sending his salesmen out to sell stock instead of wallboard. In 1926, with a total of 57 employees, he began mining the gypsum and turning out wallboard, mainly by hand. Sales rose to \$2,500,000 before Depression crippled the whole U.S. building industry.

The Good Depression. Baker, who had been thrifitly putting earnings into reserves, saw the Depression as a fine time to expand. He could not only build new plants cheaply, but buy others at bargain rates. He built and bought, trimmed his costs by constant mechanization, turned up better products, astounded the moribund building trade by selling more materials in 1930 than in 1929. He kept boosting sales throughout the Depression.

Baker was such a persuasive salesman

* After lumber, gypsum is the single most important U.S. building material. It is used for plaster, lath, walls, ceilings, insulation.



NEW DEPARTURE • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

that in 1938, when he wanted to build a \$2,000,000 fiberboard plant in Mobile, he simply gave a dinner in Manhattan for the heads of 10 large investment trusts, raised all the money that very evening.

At World War II's end, when gloomy Sewell Avery began predicting collapse, Baker set his sights on expansion, began adding more new products. Most recent: rock wool "blankets" for home insulation and a simple roll-on method of refinishing old walls with colored plaster. This year, after spending \$41 million on new plants in the postwar years, Baker expects his sales to reach a record \$90 million (almost half of U.S. Gypsum), although taxes will trim his net from 1950's \$9,200,000 to about \$6,600,000. Despite rearmament's curbs on building, he expects his sales to keep rising.

STATE OF BUSINESS

Upward March

U.S. production was climbing up again after its midsummer breathing spell, but not all the news was cheery. Items:

¶ The Federal Reserve Board index of industrial production rose to 220% of the 1935-39 average in September, compared with 218% in August and 213% in July, the year's low. Gross national product in the third quarter reached an annual rate of \$328 billion, a new high, compared to \$325,600,000,000 in the previous quarter.

¶ Corporate profits, squeezed by taxes and rising costs, dipped for the second quarter in a row. The annual rate dropped \$2 billion to \$46.5 billion, of which an estimated \$25.2 billion will go for taxes.

¶ Plant expansion was tapering off, in the fourth quarter was expected to drop from the record annual rate of \$27.2 billion to \$26.4 billion.

RETAIL TRADE

Merry Christmas

Sears, Roebuck & Co. this week mailed out the biggest Christmas catalogue in its history. It contained 402 pages v. last year's 360, listed 30,000 items. Appropriately enough, the biggest section (71 pages) is for toys. Among the new ones: a "Tintair Glamor Girl Doll," whose blonde hair can be dyed two different colors and washed out again (\$11.45); a 145-piece army training center, complete with 100 plastic soldiers and a swivel chair in the headquarters building for the top brass (\$5.98).

TAXES

The New Load

After nine months of argument, the new tax bill was finally agreed upon last week by House & Senate conferees. Congress is expected to push it through. The major provisions:

¶ Personal income taxes are boosted 11 1/4%, effective Nov. 1, when withholdings will rise from 18% of wages & salaries (after exemptions) to 20%. Thus, on 1951 income, the hike will be only about 2%. Sample increase: a married

A Dodge "Job-Rated" Truck performs better on your job

Here are 10 reasons why:

1 The right units to SUPPORT the load

Whether your loads are big or little, heavy or light, there's a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck engineered at the factory to fit your job.

Every unit that supports the load—frame, axles, springs, wheels, tires and others—is built in a wide range of sizes and capacities to provide the strength and capacity needed. No wonder your Dodge "Job-Rated" truck will perform better on your job.



The right axles to support a specific load dependably under all conditions. The axles on every Dodge truck are "Job-Rated" to give you the strength required to support the load.

The right springs to support and cushion a specific load. The springs on every Dodge truck are "Job-Rated" to have the right number of leaves, required strength and flexibility.

The right wheels and tires to support a specific load safely and surely. Wheels are "Job-Rated" for right strength, design and diameter. Tires are "Job-Rated" for right size, tread and pressure.

2 The right units to MOVE the load

Whether your roads are paved or rough, level or hilly, there's a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck to haul your load.

Every unit that moves the load—engine, clutch, transmission, propeller shaft, rear axle, and others—is also built in a wide variety of sizes and capacities. Each is engineered for a particular operating condition. That's why your Dodge "Job-Rated" truck will save you money, last longer.



The right transmission to move a specific load. The transmission in every Dodge truck is "Job-Rated" to have the strength and number of speeds the particular job requires.

The right type axle for the job. Rear axles are "Job-Rated"—single-speed for normal service, double-reduction for extra pulling ability, 2-speed for constantly changing conditions.

The right gear ratio of the rear axle to move a specific load on roads you travel and at speeds you require. The rear axle of every Dodge truck is "Job-Rated" for exact gear ratio needed.



Every Dodge "Job-Rated" truck is factory-engineered to perform better
Because it's engineered at the factory to fit a specific job, a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck will save you money . . . last longer.

Ask your nearby Dodge dealer to tell you how you can get a Dodge truck that has every unit from engine to rear axle "Job-Rated"—factory-engineered to haul a specific load over the roads you travel and at the speeds you require. Do it soon!

Only DODGE builds "Job-Rated" trucks

**Cold weather ahead?
NO MORE CHANGING
NO MORE STORING**



when you have

ARALUM® Budget-priced
ALUMINUM COMBINATION
STORMS-SCREENS FOR
REGULAR WINDOWS
Kaysto®
ALUMINUM COMBINATION
STORMS-SCREENS FOR
FRENCH WINDOWS

Changing storms now (and screens next spring) is old-fashioned—and lots of unnecessary work! Modern all-aluminum Aralum and Kaysto combinations are self-storing, never need painting or repairs. They're everlasting!

ARALUM®
combination windows are low in cost—they save you money on repairs. Save fuel too, with built-in weatherstripping! Save work, worry!

Kaysto®

combination windows are the finest for wood or metal French windows that swing in or out. Storms and screen glide aside at finger's touch, giving controlled ventilation and outside access any season. Write today for literature and dealer's name!

Some territories still open for distributors

Alumatic CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Dept. 9 2081 S. 56th Street MILWAUKEE 14, WIS.
In Canada: Alum Bldg., Products Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Please send me more information on your products.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THIS MAN WAS



TALKED TO DEATH

Fortunately, this did not happen to ... but it was a darned close thing. He was blotted by Congress for being a bureaucrat. He was charged by his old friends in industry with being a government slugs. From the Left he was called a tool of cronyism and a Senator Piggy. From the Right he was called a Socialist, called an obstructionist, the left out of the economy. And from the Center he was called a middle-aged idiot who knew not what he did. As a dink surrounded by 12 square feet of floor space, he labored for the Petroleum Administrator for Defense, no

but flew himself so bad no defense, and so he was once blamed, blamed, complained about and generally looked around. Somehow he survived and is now one more confirmation of favorable statistics from the Petroleum Administrator for Defense.



THIS HONORABLE DISCHARGE, engraved with all the quips and clichés that make life rough for businessmen in Government, last week was displayed by Deputy Petroleum Administrator for Defense Bruce Brown. All PAD executives get one on their return to private life, to show that they have suffered through bureaucracy—and survived.

couple with two dependents, earning \$8,000, will pay \$1,285.60 v. \$1,152 under the old law.

Corporate income taxes are increased from 25% on the first \$25,000 to 30%, from 47% to 52% on the remainder.

The excess-profit tax is boosted by lowering the "normal" earnings (exempt from the tax) to 83% of the 1946-49 base period instead of the current 85%.

Whiskey taxes are raised 2¢ to 3¢ per fifth, beer \$1 per barrel, cigarettes 1¢ per package, gasoline 1¢ per gallon, autos \$50 for a light sedan. A new 10% excise tax is placed on power lawnmowers, home movie projectors, electric dishwashers.

The Senate tax-writers managed to knock out some measures which the House had approved (a 10% withholding tax on dividends, a boost in long-term capital-gains taxes), and inserted others which the House had omitted. Most important Senate change: corporate taxes will be levied on undistributed earnings of farm cooperatives, mutual savings banks and building & loan associations, which are now tax free.

Taxpayers also got a few windfalls: 1) no capital-gains tax will be charged on profits from selling a home if the funds are used within a year to buy a higher-priced house; 2) single taxpayers who are heads of households will be entitled to half of the joint-return benefits provided for married couples; 3) the tax on telegrams is cut from 25¢ to 15¢, and the tax on baby lotions is removed.

The revised bill is expected to yield \$5.7 billion, v. the \$10 billion asked by the Treasury to put rearmament on a pay-as-you-go basis. It will bring the total annual tax hike since Korea to \$15.7 billion.

Easy Does It

The U.S. Treasury, now deep in the red, this week tried a new device to raise some quick cash. It put up for auction \$1,250,000,000 worth of special short-term interest-bearing notes which can be sold back to the Treasury next March or used to pay taxes. Banks and corporations were lining up for the notes so fast that Secretary Snyder planned a second billion-dollar issue soon. He seemed to have found a way to make early tax payments popular.

TEXTILES

Answer to a Problem

In New England, no business problem is more pressing than the drift of the textile industry to the South, lured by cheaper southern labor and new plants financed by southern cities. How can the industrial migration be stopped? Last week, New Hampshire business and state officials planned a banquet for a man who had shown them how it can be done. His name: Mack Kahn.

Kahn, who started a brassiere company after World War I with \$1,500 in Army savings, has built it into a \$40 million textile organization, Artistic Foundations, Inc., that turns out bathing suits (Sea Molds), piece goods (Kannak) and girdles (Flexees). As proof that his 13 northern mills can compete with all comers, his company has signed up \$42 million in Government orders, all won by competitive bidding. To keep up with—or ahead of—southern competitors, Kahn is putting the finishing touches on a ten-year, \$8,000,000 program of expansion and modernization. This month he added to his bathing-

suit line by buying Los Angeles' Caltex of California Co., one of the West Coast's bigger swim-suit producers.

"We Had Our Troubles." Kahn's success is partly based on New England's troubles, notably in Manchester. The weaving and knitting mills there were shut in 1936 following the crash of Amoskeag, world's biggest cotton-textile company. New Hampshire business leaders pooled their resources, paid \$5,000,000 for mills once worth much more, and were trying to get someone to open up the mills again. In 1941, when piece goods were scarce, Kahn took a chance on Manchester. He bought one mill for \$75,000, soon got three more at bargain prices. He started replacing old equipment with modern machinery, now has the newest combining machinery in the U.S. and, in some of his plants, what is probably the only carding equipment of its kind in the nation.

As Kahn extended his modernization program to his other plants, from Pennsylvania to Rhode Island, man-hour output doubled: a worker who could operate only one of the old machines was able to tend two new ones with the same amount of effort. "We had our troubles convincing the union to boost productivity," says Kahn, "but we were firm. You have to help them understand that labor has as big a stake in industry as management."

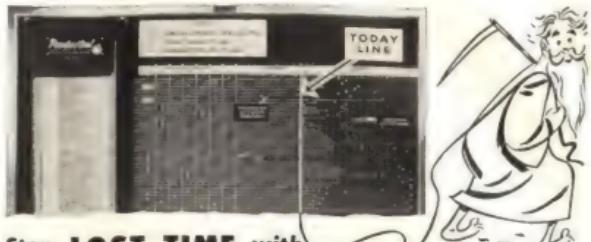
New Fields. Once, when the CIO textile union balked at letting members step up production with the new machinery, Kahn's firmness took the form of a slowdown strike by management. For two months he stopped hustling for new business, cut production. Says Kahn: "That convinced the union that it would gain more by agreeing to step up output—and it has. While output has doubled, the earnings of our employees have tripled." (Kahn has had but one short strike among his 4,500 employees.)

Kahn thinks that most of the ills of



MACK KAHN

New plants for New England?



Stop LOST TIME with PRODUC-TROL'S TODAY LINE

Don't repeat yesterday's time-wasting errors.

Put more hours into the working day by taking up the slack of wasted production with Produc-Trol. Maintain the flow of parts and materials... keep tool production on schedule... insure the best use of machine- and man-hours... insure orders completed on time.

HOW? It's easier than you think. Peg every order on Produc-Trol... and the TODAY LINE, advancing day by day, will automatically show you which orders are on schedule... which orders are falling behind and crying for attention. It only takes a few seconds a day to get the facts on hundreds of orders.

Control ALL your orders with Produc-Trol... Purchase Orders, Engineering Orders, Tooling Orders, Manufacturing Orders... just as in

4 WASSELL EXCLUSIVES

PRODUC-TROL ROTOR-FILE
INSTALVELOPE SIGNALOK

IS IT TRUE

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT SECRETARIES?



...that the demand for
really good secretaries
far exceeds the supply?



True indeed! So, treat yours considerately. Make her life... and, incidentally, your own... easier, more pleasant, more productive by dictating to TYCOON. With this tireless, ever-ready equipment, you dictate when you're ready; your secretary transcribes to suit her schedule. Both of you save time, trouble, irritating delays and interruptions. Both get more done with less effort... make every working minute count—pay bigger dividends.

Take TYCOON with you on business trips. It only weighs 15 lbs... works night or day in car, train, plane or hotel room. Mail coupon today. Learn how you... and your secretary... can take it easy... make it easy with TYCOON. Write Dept. T-10, SoundScriber Corporation, New Haven, Conn.

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First All Electronic Dictating System • First Disc Dictating Equipment
220 Sales and Service Centers Coast to Coast



**This Elliott CARDVERTISER
is the only machine in the
world that will both**

*Addressers are
available in
Elliott Address
Cards with any
standard type-writer*



*Then they are
filed like index
cards*



*A few other
Elliott address-
ing machines*

\$45



\$175



\$115



\$145



\$800



\$1100



\$1455



\$3200



\$4800



\$7300



\$10,000

PRINT and ADDRESS post cards



It prints an advertisement like this on the back of every card at a speed of 100 cards per minute.



Then it prints a different address on the front of each card at a speed of 125 cards per minute.



Suppose you have 750 customers on your mailing list. That is just 6 trays of Elliott Address Cards with 125 addresses in each tray. We are conservative when we say your 750 post cards will all be addressed in 15 minutes. Then in another ten minutes you will typewriter stencil your message or advertisement into the Elliott post card size stencil and in 20 minutes more your message will be printed on the back of all 750 cards. So in just 45 minutes you have printed and addressed your proposition to 750 customers.

Yes, the speed of the Elliott Cardvertiser is the secret of its great effectiveness.

May we send you full details?

Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.

147-E Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.

New England's textile industry can be cured by his methods, plus community help such as he got in Manchester. Says he: "New England textile people have not been fully recognized by politicians, tax assessors and civic leaders for doing a job. They have come to feel like a neglected part of the family and have permitted their mills to run down. Sure, the new plants in the South are more efficient than the old plants in the North, but new plants and equipment in the North would be just as efficient."

Despite Kahn, the southward migration of New England's textile industry continued. Monroe County, Miss., prepared to float a \$1,600,000 bond issue to supply Rhode Island's Textron, Inc., with a plant—all part of Mississippi's well-organized program to "balance agriculture with industry." Since this program got under way in 1938, Mississippi has lured nearly 70 new plants (mostly textiles) to the state. Result: state employment has jumped by 15,000, payrolls by \$35 million. Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama have similar programs.

FOREIGN TRADE

The Cost of Not Importing

In no other field except politics do Americans talk such "pure jabberwocky" as in discussions on international trade. So said Vergil D. Reed, vice president of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, before 400 businessmen at the 23rd annual Boston Conference on Distribution this week. The jabberwocky, said Reed, was a hangover from the pre-1914 days when the U.S. was a big debtor nation and had to strive for "a favorable balance of trade." As a result, said Reed, most Americans still "believe profoundly that exporting is desirable, that exporters are gentlemen, scholars and benefactors of the human race, that importing is undesirable, and that importers are liars, thieves and scoundrels taking food out of the mouths of American babies. Trading means both buying and selling, and without both there is no trade but merely gifts, grants, defaulted loans and the bitterness of misunderstanding as a reward for forced exports."

Reed's thesis was not new; many businessmen have been preaching it for years. Its virtue lay in its primelike clarity—and some startling figures. From 1914 through 1950, he said, U.S. exports amounted to \$300,700,000,000 while imports amounted to \$191 billion. More than \$3 billion of the gap of \$109,700,000,000 represented exports paid for by dollars that foreigners had acquired through private U.S. remittances and investments and through U.S. purchases of gold. But some \$78 billion of the gap, Reed calculated, was accounted for by U.S. taxpayers' dollars handed out to foreigners either in the form of grants or of (largely defaulted) U.S. loans. In postwar years, such gifts accounted for about a fifth of all American taxes.

The alternative to these subsidies is for



Relieve the PRESSURE of Neuralgic Pain!

• When neuralgic pain strikes, you want relief *in a hurry*. And here's a way to get it.

Doctors generally will tell you that neuralgic pain may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become sore, swollen.

You can get blessed relief—fast—by rubbing Absorbine Jr. on the sore, swollen areas. It actually helps to counter pressure which may be causing your misery. At the same time, it warms and soothes.

Thousands use Absorbine Jr. for relief from neuralgic and rheumatic pain, aching muscles. Only \$1.25 at all druggists.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.



ABSORBINE Jr.

QUANTITY PRODUCTION OF GREY IRON CASTINGS

ONE OF THE
NATION'S LARGEST
AND MOST MODERN
PRODUCTION
FOUNDRIES

ESTABLISHED 1886
**THE WHELAND
COMPANY**
CHATTANOOGA 2, TENN.



Case of the Civilian Bazooka...

*New Furnace Tapper
Serves Steel Industry*



STEELMAKERS now tap open-hearth furnaces more efficiently with a Jet Tapper—based on the armor-piercing principle of the bazooka. When the tapper is placed in the furnace tap hole and detonated electrically, a "shaped charge" destroys the plug releasing the molten metal.

It's a job that calls for *exacting* heat-control under tough conditions. So, the tapper's bullet-like case is made of Kaylo hydrous calcium silicate—the *only* material which meets the rigid requirements. This incombustible insulating material shields the explosive charge from intense furnace heat. Tapping is then done *safely* by remote control.

Kaylo calcium silicate, introduced in 1943 by Owens-Illinois, has many other outstanding qualities. It is insoluble in water; has dimensional stability, high strength and light weight—qualities reflected in Kaylo building and insulating products available to you for your products.



KAYLO

...first in calcium silicate

...pioneered by OWENS- ILLINOIS Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1951



"We couldn't climb over—but
at least we didn't leave no clues!"

● This baffled burglar will soon find out he has left both clothing and clues—but he's lucky at that, after tangling with the barbed wire on a Cyclone Fence.

Cyclone provides the best fence protection it's possible to purchase. But with Cyclone Chain Link Fence you get more than effective protection for your property. You get a fence that gives you many, many years of trouble-free service.

Cyclone's many special features and types of fence are shown in our free book. Send for a copy of "Your Fence."

Cyclone is the trade-mark name of fence made only by Cyclone Fence Division. Accept no substitute.

CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION

(American Steel & Wire Company)

WAUKESHA, ILLINOIS

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY, NEW YORK

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

You'll find our big 22-page fence catalog a valuable reference book. It's crammed with pictures, facts and specifications covering many styles of Cyclone Fence, Gates and other property surroundings. Whether you want a few feet of fence or several miles of it, you will want this useful book.



Cyclone Fence, Waukesha, Ill., Dept. 3101
Please mail me, without obligation, a copy of
"Your Fence."

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

I am interested in fencing:

Industrial; School; Playground;
 Residence. Approximately.....feet.

NO JOB IS TOO LARGE—
NO JOB IS TOO SMALL FOR CYCLONE

**CYCLONE
FENCE**

UNITED STATES STEEL

the U.S. to cut exports—and thereby reduce other people's standard of life—or to cut tariffs, encourage imports and American tourist expenditure overseas, and balance the nation's exports with imports. Reed left his audience in no doubt as to which course he would choose: "Has it become easier for us Americans to give away our natural resources, our manufactures, our services, our capital, our taxes and our purchasing power than to think? Wouldn't we help other nations raise their standard of living . . . far more by really trading with them rather than playing rich uncle to a resentful world? Just how long can we go on being export crazy and import blind?"



Ken Unger—Rathchid

VOTT & RUBBER FOOTBALL
Good news for cows.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

At last week's football game between Georgia Tech and L.S.U., the ball looked like any other pigskin.* Only it wasn't leather; it was the first rubber football used in a big-time intercollegiate game.

The new ball was a trick play by Los Angeles' fast-moving W. J. Voit Rubber Corp. to win a big share of the football market now dominated by A. G. Spalding, Wilson and two others. The company was first in the game with a rubber basketball and softball, also began to make rubber footballs as far back as 1937. Other companies put them out also, and 30% of football sales last year were rubber balls. But the rubber footballs weren't considered up to leather ones, and were used mainly for practice.

President Willard D. Voit thinks his football is better than a leather one, in every way. On wet days, it won't soak up water, as is easy to kick, pass and catch wet as dry. It is also slightly cheaper than the leather one.

* Actually cowhide.

BUILD HOMES NO ONE ELSE HAS



The Eastwood

Top bedroom home Modern as this recent Design by Robison
House modern Contemporary or classic

build Peaseway Contemporary



They're New! Exciting! The first
CONTEMPORARY DESIGN homes in the
prefabricated field, created by such famous
masters of contemporary design as Oscar
Stonorov, Robison Heap, and Schwarz and West. They mark the beginning of a
new era in home building.

Write for the Peaseway Plan and learn
how these homes can be yours to build on
a franchise basis in your territory. Learn, too,
about the complete line of Peaseway
Prefabricated Homes you can offer—
ranging from a 2-bedroom home of 691
square feet to the most recent
CONTEMPORARY home containing 4
bedrooms with 1410 square feet of floor
space. Prices range from \$7,000
up. F.H.A. approved.

We invite you to write—just a few lines
on your letterhead—asking for the
Peaseway Plan.



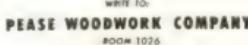
The Archwood

Four-bedroom home Another in
better housing by nationally
known contemporary architect
Oscar Stonorov AIA - AIA



The Crestwood

Three bedroom home for more
and better living designed by
Schwarz and West—A. I. A.



TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1951
PEASE WOODWORK COMPANY
ROOM 1026
CINCINNATI 22, OHIO
"In business in Cincinnati since 1893"

MILESTONES

Born. To Valentina Cortese, 25, Italian-born cinemactress (*Thieves' Highway*), and Richard Basehart, 27, Ohio-born cinemactor (*Fourteen Hours*): their first child, a son. Name: John. Weight: 7 lbs. 10 oz.

Married. Linell Chenault Nash, 19, daughter of Poet Ogden Nash (*Family Reunion*), U.S. master of versiflage; and John Marshall Smith, 29, Baltimore insurance man; in Baltimore.

Married. Nancy Chaffee, 22, sixth-ranking U.S. women's tennis star, and Ralph Kiner, 28, Pittsburgh Pirates left fielder; for five seasons in a row, the major leagues' home-run king (51 in 1947, 40 in 1948, 54 in 1949, 47 in 1950, 42 in 1951);* in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Married. Stepin Fetchit (real name: Lincoln Theodore Andrew Monroe Perry), 53, molasses-slow Negro comedy actor of the '30s (*David Harum*), now making a film comeback; and Bernice Sims, 35, housekeeper to a Catholic priest in Tulsa; he for the second time; in Tulsa.

Died. Leon Errol, 70, veteran stage & screen comedian; of a heart attack; in Hollywood. Equipped with collapsible legs and an elastic face which he contorted into caricatures of exasperation, bewilderment, bliss or imbecility, he played most often the part of a tottering drunk. In Australia, where he was born, he left a Shakespearian stock company to travel with a circus as clown, acrobat and animal trainer. He came to the U.S. in 1908, rose from burlesque to become one of Ziegfeld's top comedians (*Sally in Our Way*), later went to Hollywood, where he made scores of strenuous two-reelers.

Died. Edgar Byram Davis, 78, eccentric Texas oil millionaire, best known for his support of a famous Broadway flop, *The Laddie*, which he kept going for two years because he wanted to help its author and spread its message of reincarnation; of a heart ailment; in Galveston, Texas. Davis made a rubber fortune in Sumatra and got \$12 million for the sale of his oil wells in Texas, spent his money lavishly on such items as \$1,000,000 in bonuses for drillers and a golf course for his Negro servants. *The Laddie* became a favorite target for reviewers' darts, and Davis had to give away tickets to provide an audience. He squandered \$1,300,000 on it before it closed in 1927 to the faint applause of 54 nonpaying guests.

Died. Everett Welles Frazar, 84, who inherited Frazar & Co., oldest and biggest Oriental trading company in the U.S. (founded in 1856 by his father), which introduced automobiles, airplanes, electric lights, phonographs and food-canning to Japan; in Daytona Beach, Fla.



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* The alltime record: Babe Ruth's 60 in 1927.

CINEMA

Sex & the Censor

For weeks, moviegoers in Washington, D.C. and Los Angeles have been crowding to see *La Ronde*, a French film that took prizes in three European film festivals. Like moviegoers in London, where the picture is flourishing in its sixth month, they seem to like what they see: an audacious, worldly-wise comedy of sex. In both U.S. cities, the film drew cheers from the critics—and not a murmur of protest from any guardian of the public morals. But last week wicked old New York, which almost always gets first crack



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The "round" of the title is a roundelay of love in ten episodes; after each amorous intrigue, one of the lovers moves, in the next episode, into the arms of a new partner, who fits in turn to another lover until the ironic game comes full circle. Through the cycle runs a delightful Oscar Straus waltz, signaling each consummation, helping to set a gauzily Viennese mood, and accompanying a refrain sung and spoken by Narrator Walbrook. The narrator spins a symbolic merry-go-round and manages the characters like a master puppeteer, pops up in each episode as a waiter, doorman or passerby and once, prophetically, with shears in one hand and film in the other, as the censor.

The film's characters run the social gamut from the count to the streetwalker, but stick to the same single track. The episodes vary in length, mood and quality. The longest and best, strung together midway in the film, shine with a brilliance that the rest of the movie cannot match. These catch the essence of three classic situations: the willing maid (Simone Simon) and the nervously eager master (Daniel Gelin); the master and the other man's wife (Danielle Darrieux) who wants to be coaxed into infidelity; the faithless wife inciting and lulling the suspicion of her sanctimonious husband (Fernand Gravet).

But *La Ronde* is all of a piece, as any round should be, setting up a mocking harmony of desire and disillusion, vanity, pleasure and deceit. It is never prurient, smirking or pornographic. For all the intimacy of its nuances, the film's approach is dryly detached and completely charming; it spoofs sex rather than exploits it, much as Britain's satiric *Kind Hearts and Coronets* makes sport of murder.

The New Pictures

Mr. Imperium (M-G-M), Ezio (*South Pacific*) Pinza's first movie, was shelved until his second, *Strictly Dishonorable*, could introduce him to the screen (*TIME*, July 23). Now moviegoers can see why. The film shackles Pinza and Lana Turner to the story of an incognito King's fling with a nightclub cutie from the U.S.—a situation enfeebled by long service in Ruritanian farce and operetta. Basso Pinza sings three numbers predictably well; actress Turner sings a couple predictably. But only the Technicolor looks good in *Mr. Imperium*.

The Magic Face (Columbia) will come as news to Allied veterans who still think they liberated Europe in World War II by defeating the Germans. The real cause of Germany's defeat, it now appears, is that Hitler wasn't Hitler any more; he was really Janus the Great (Luther Adler), a professional impersonator bent on destroying the Reich by making all the wrong military decisions.

As the movie has it, Hitler erred not in war but only in love, when he moved in on Adler's blonde wife (Patricia Knight) and conveniently committed Adler to prison. Hitler failed to reckon with a vengeful



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zeal and a talent for impersonation that enabled Adler to move painstakingly up the Nazi social ladder in the successive roles of the prison warden, Hitler's valet, and finally the Führer himself.

The film dresses up its theory with Viennese locations, a commentary by radio's William L. (Berlin Diary) Shirer, and newsreel inserts designed to make



LUTHER ADLER AS HITLER
Defeated by love?

Adler's skulduggery and Germany's setbacks look like cause & effect. Since he also plays the real Hitler, Actor Adler* makes the impersonations look plausible; he shows his versatility in brief imitations of Mussolini, Haile Selassie and Chamberlain. But *The Magic Face*, full of logical kinks and lurid banalities, hangs together no better as fiction than fact.

The Man With a Cloak (M-G-M) is a slow but tolerable melodrama, set in 1848 Manhattan, about a velvet-gloved struggle between good & evil forces for the wealth of a dying reprobate (Louis Calhern). Leslie (*An American in Paris*) Caron, playing a sweet young thing sent from Paris by the old man's grandson, wants the money for the cause of the French Republic. His calculating housekeeper-mistress (Barbara Stanwyck) wants him to die in a hurry while she is still favored in his will.

Into this struggle steps a mysterious stranger (Joseph Cotten), courtly, peniless and alcoholic, a poet whose identity the film discloses at the fade-out. The good French girl and the evil housekeeper are rivals for his help, and he seems to waver between them. When Calhern dies, only Cotten has a clue to the whereabouts of a new will and the imagination to track it down.

The Man With a Cloak comes equipped

* Whose father, the late Jacob Adler, was a pillar of the Yiddish theater.

HISTORY TELLS US Says Mr. T

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America still starts the day by receiving

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with engaging accessories: talented players, notably Actor Calhern, bright spots of drawing-room dialogue and the atmosphere of a period and locale seldom pictured on the screen. While distinguishing the movie from run-of-the-melodrama, these virtues do not quite offset the slackness and familiarity of its plot.

A Millionaire for Christy (Thor Productions; 20th Century-Fox) falls, with a resounding thud, under the heading of madcap romantic farce. Heroine Christy (Eleanor Parker), a fortune-hunting legal secretary charged with telling a client (Fred MacMurray) that he has inherited \$2,000,000, decides to make a favorable impression on the heir apparent before spilling the good news. She impresses him as a lunatic, disrupts his wedding, woos him in a boxcar, wins him with the connivance of a poor but dishonest psychiatrist (Richard Carlson). By the time MacMurray is convinced that the inheritance is actually his, the money has flown. His problem, and an interminably coy movie, could have been mercifully forestalled by a phone call in the first reel.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Lavender Hill Mob. Alec Guinness as an engaging master criminal in a superior British concoction of wit and farce (TIME, Oct. 15).

An American in Paris. A buoyant, imaginative musical, as compelling as its George Gershwin score; with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

The Red Badge of Courage. Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel, handsomely translated by Writer-Director John Huston into one of the best war films ever made; with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin (TIME, Oct. 8).

The Day the Earth Stood Still. Science-fiction, combining a glimpse of futuristic marvels with a thoughtful look at the seedy old earth of 1951; with Michael Rennie (TIME, Oct. 1).

The River. Director Jean Renoir's sensitive story of an English girl growing into adolescence beside a holy river in India; based on Rumer Godden's autobiographical novel (TIME, Sept. 24).

A Streetcar Named Desire. An unvarnished adaptation of Tennessee Williams' prizewinning Broadway hit; with Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter (TIME, Sept. 17).

People Will Talk. Scripter-Director Joseph L. (All About Eve) Mankiewicz needles the medical profession in his latest comedy of U.S. manners & morals; with Cary Grant and Jeanne Crain (TIME, Sept. 17).

A Place in the Sun. Producer-Director George Stevens' masterly version of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*; with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters (TIME, Sept. 10).

Pickup. In his debut as a Hollywood moviemaker, Czech-born Hugo Haas directs and stars in a tense, unpretentious drama about a middle-aged railroad watchman and the floozy he marries (TIME, Aug. 27).

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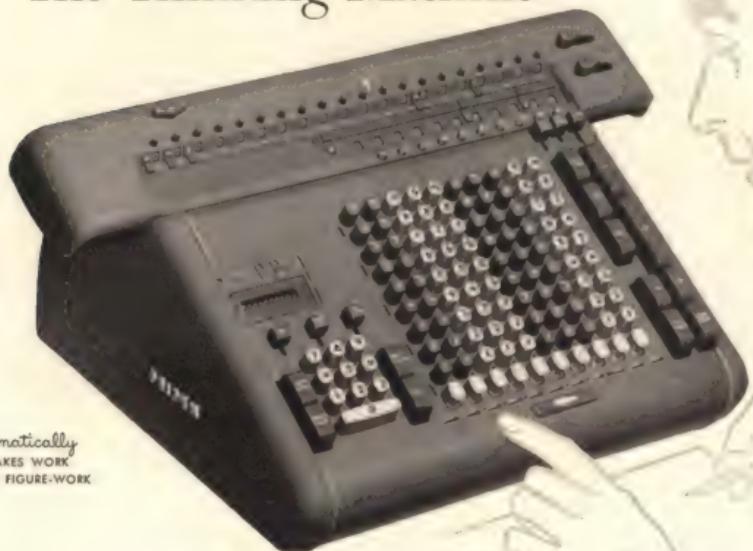
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BOOKS

"A Small but Costly Crown"

THE YOUNG VISITERS [92 pp.]—Daisy Ashford—Doubleday (\$1.75).

Buxom, carefree, serene—to all appearances Daisy Ashford was just like hundreds of other well-bred little English girls growing up at the beginning of the century. After studying a photograph of Daisy at the age of nine, Sir James Barrie remarked on her "air of careless power . . . a complacency . . . that by the severe might perhaps be called smugness." Perhaps Barrie was right, for what distinguished Daisy Ashford from her fellow moppets was the fact that she was the

scribed *The Young Visitors* as a "sublime work." British readers not only agreed with Barrie (every copy was sold out in a few days), but suspected that Barrie had written it himself. Since those days, *The Young Visitors* has sold more than 150,000 copies in Britain, some 50,000 in the U.S. There are still many who cannot be convinced that its hilariously comic effects owe nothing to mature artistry, everything to the vivid imagination of brilliant innocence. New readers may judge for themselves by trying the new edition.

"With a Loud Sniff." Centerpiece of *The Young Visitors* is Mr. Alfred Salteena, "an elderly man of 42 . . . fond of asking people to stay with him." Staying



BERNARD & ETHEL



AUTHOR ASHFORD
She can hardly believe it herself.



MR. SALTNEA

most readable child novelist in English literature.

Daisy wrote her novels in twopenny notebooks. She borrowed her plots from other writers (as did Shakespeare), her material from the weird and wonderful conduct and conversation of grownups. Settings gave her no trouble, for when visitors came to her Sussex home (her father was a retired War Office official), they made mention of "The Crystal Palace," "The Gaiety Theatre," "Hampton Court"—glamorous place names which Daisy seized and shaped into glittering abodes for the ardent characters to whom her imagination was dedicated.

By adolescence, Daisy Ashford had written herself out. Like any other girl, she turned her attention to growing up, going out into the world, and getting married. When her mother died, during World War I, Daisy found among her papers the manuscript of *The Young Visitors, Or, Mr. Salteena's Plan*, a novel Daisy had written at the age of nine. A friend laughed over it so much that Daisy kindly wrote out a fair copy—and forgot all about it. She was doing war work when a telegram arrived "conveying the amazing news that my 'novel' was to be published."

Barrie, who wrote the introduction, de-

with him, in fact, when the story opens, is "quite a young girl . . . of 17 named Ethel Monticue," whose "blue velvet frock had grown rather short in the sleeves." Mr. Salteena and Ethel are at breakfast when a letter arrives from Mr. Salteena's friend, Bernard Clark, inviting him to come and stay and "bring one of your young ladies whichever is the prettiest in the family." Taking "out his blotter with a loud sniff," Mr. Salteena promptly replies: "Certainly I shall come . . . I will bring Ethel Monticue commonly called Miss M. She is very active and pretty . . . I am not quite a gentleman but you would hardly notice it."

When the day came for setting out, "Mr. Salteena did not have an egg for his breakfast in case he should be sick on the journey." While Ethel dabbed "red rouge" on her cheeks ("I am very pale owing to the drains in this house"), Mr. Salteena ran upstairs and "silently put 2/6 on the dirty toilet cover" for Rosalind, the house-maid.

"Bernard has a big house," Mr. Salteena told Ethel in the train. "He is inclined to be rich." Soon they were bowling up a long driveway in a splendid carriage, and Mr. Salteena cried, "Now my dear what do you think of the scenery."

"Gazing at the rich fur rug on her knees," Ethel answered warmly, "Very nice."

Bernard Clark was "rather a presumptuous man," but after one glance at Ethel he "turned a dark red." When Mr. Salteena ("lapping up his turtle soup") congratulated him on his "sumptuous house," Bernard proved himself a true aristocrat. "He gave a weary smile and swallowed a few drops of sherry wine. It is fairly decent he replied."

"Like a Heathen God." They spent much of the evening looking at portraits of Bernard's ancestors. One was "a man with a fat smiley face and a red ribbon . . . My great uncle Ambrose Fudge said Bernard carelessly . . . He was really the Sinister son of Queen Victoria. Not really cried Ethel in excited tones but what does that mean. Well I don't quite know said Bernard Clark . . . but I mean to find out."

Next day, Mr. Salteena bluntly told Bernard: "Can you help me perhaps to be more like a gentleman . . . Well . . . said Bernard I can give you a letter to my old pal the Earl of Clincham . . . He might rub you up . . . Oh ten thousand thanks said Mr. Salteena . . . If you would be so kind as to keep an eye on Ethel while I am away . . . I don't think you will find her any trouble." To which Bernard answered warmly, "No I don't think I shall."

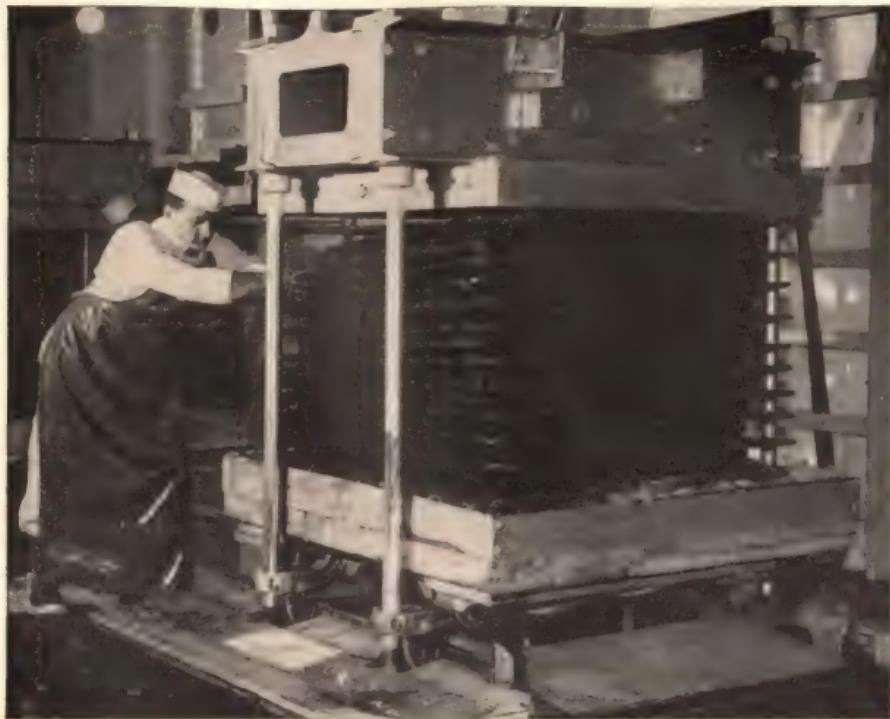
From this point on, the plot of *The Young Visitors* fairly races. Amiable Lord Clincham smuggles Mr. Salteena into Buckingham Palace under the alias "Lord Hyssops" and introduces him to the Prince of Wales, who is dressed in "a small but costly crown and surrounded by 'ladies of every hue.'

"I am rubbing him up in society ways," explains Lord Clincham. "If there was a vacancy . . . he might try cantering after the royal barouche." The Prince agrees, and soon passers-by in "Pickadilly" witness daily the astonishing spectacle of Mr. Salteena "galloping madly after the Royal CARRAGE" on a "fresh and sultry steed."

Sensible Bernard Clark, meanwhile, has been making hay. After giving Ethel a gay spree at the "Gaiety Hotel," he proposes to her outside Windsor Castle. "If you say no," he warns, "I shall perform dash my body to the brink of yon muddy river." But Ethel gladly accepts. "You are to me like a Heathen god," she tells Bernard. He kisses her and she falls in a swoon.

Bernard and Ethel lived happily ever after, because "he loved Ethel to the bitter end and . . . they had a nice house too." Mr. Salteena was less fortunate: though he had ten children by a nice girl "at Buckingham palace by name Bessie Topp," he was sulky about losing Ethel. "Still he was a pious man in his way and found relief in prayer."

So Long Ago. It is not hard to imagine what a mature author would do with the theme of *The Young Visitors* (Balzac rigged a great part of his *Human Comedy* round precisely such characters as Ethel Monticue and Mr. Salteena). But it is certain that no adult, whether a Balzac or a Barrie, could have turned out a work



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SCOTCH with a HISTORY

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A—Because in ancient days the thrifty Scots bought their finest whisky from the "smugglers."

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with the unique perfections of *The Young Visitors*.

Author Ashford herself is the first to recognize this. She is now a grandmother of 60, the wife of James Devlin, a Norfolk market gardener who deals in fruit and flowers. Though occasionally she has felt the urge to write fiction, housekeeping and the rearing of four children have left her "really too busy" to try. She finds the steady royalties of *The Young Visitors* "very welcome," and even dreams of a trip to the U.S. as a result of the new edition. But with every passing year she becomes more conscious of the gulf that separates her present self from the amazing child she used to be. "I can never feel that all the nice things that have been said about *The Young Visitors* are really due to me at all, but to a Daisy Ashford of so long ago that she seems almost another person."

The Permanent Revolution

CAPITALISM IN AMERICA (119 pp.)—
Frederick Martin Stern—Rinehart (\$2).

When Frederick Martin Stern went to visit the U.S. in 1935, all his well-bred European friends warned him what to expect. Americans were rude, they everlasting "chased the dollar," they were cultural midgets. For a while, Frederick Stern looked at the U.S. through morose-colored glasses, waited a good two years before moving his wife and two children from Switzerland to New Rochelle, N.Y. But even before that, he began asking himself a practical businessman's question: "How did people in the United States manage to build industries and cities so fast, how did they have such opportunities to exploit their individual talents?"

Shake Hands? A friend's chauffeur gave him one clue to the answer. After driving Stern from New York to Washington, the chauffeur impulsively shot out his hand for a shake, smiled and said he was "pleased to make my acquaintance." Anywhere in class-conscious Europe, the handshake would have been a terrible *cafe* for both of them. Another "new American" told Stern how astonished he had been "when an old workman in a factory patted the president of the company on the back, called him by his first name and offered him a cigar." To German-born Stern, these homely incidents, multiplied, are the symbols of a social revolution. They testify that, despite the prattle of the Marxists, it is the U.S., not the U.S.S.R., that is creating a classless society.

Just why that should be so is the core of Author Stern's *Capitalism in America*, a book which contains some of the best small-arms fire in defense of the American way of life since the shots fired at Concord. Author Stern couches his arguments in the form of lively, colloquial letters to a mythical young European intellectual named Henry, who is thinking of turning Communist.

Escalator Going Up. Advice to Henry boils down to three main points, none entirely new, but all good: 1) that in the U.S., capital and labor do not gouge each

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"Princess Pat" to her fellow artists at the Met.

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writes Russel Crouse
about
Patrice Munsel

"The idea that a beautiful face makes the song sound sweeter may not be the most logical in the world . . . but it is impossible not to believe it when Patrice Munsel is doing the singing. The freshness, simplicity and directness of her personality seem genuinely to flow into her art; and the most florid opera aria or the simplest melody carries with it a unique warmth and complete sincerity."—*Russel Crouse*

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other in a maiming class struggle, but join forces with each other—and with the machine—to produce more goods than the world has ever known; 2) that American capitalism (unlike European capitalism) remains dynamic through competition, and greases the social escalator by rewarding brains and skill wherever found; 3) that social equality fosters the production of more wealth, and the production of more wealth fosters social equality—i.e., democracy and capitalism complement each other.

To 61-year-old Stern, misguided Henry is very real, a composite of several young Europeans who have swallowed the Communist myth about the U.S. because they have never had a taste of the real thing. "Maybe we can save their souls," says Stern hopefully. That is also the hope of Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America, which are planning to broadcast the letters to all the Henrys within earshot.

Iowa Boy Meets the World

**THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER,
1874-1920 (496 pp.)—Herbert Hoover
—Macmillan (\$4).**

For a boy on an Iowa farm in the 1870s, life was hard but wondrously uncomplicated. "The farm families were their own lawyers, labor leaders, engineers, doctors, tailors . . . That economic system avoided strikes, lockouts, class conflicts, labor boards and arbitration. It absolutely denied collective bargaining to small boys. The prevailing rate for picking potato bugs was one cent a hundred and if you wanted firecrackers on the Fourth of July you took it or left it."

A boy felt few vibrations from life on the great outside—one of the few was the assassination of President Garfield. The flag was lowered to half-staff over the town's main store and people talked in hushes as Garfield lay dying. "It was thus," writes Herbert Hoover, "that I learned that some great man was at the helm of our country."

The Dirty Mountains. Between 1915 and 1924, before he stepped to the helm himself, Herbert Hoover composed this first volume of his memoirs. He tells, in a style as stiff and formal as the old Hoover collar and without much seeming premonition of the momentous events still before him, of his first 45 years. They were the years when he was called The Great Engineer and savior of the hungry—and years of travel, discoveries, successes and adventures. Some future biographer may make a better story of it all, but Auto-biographer Hoover has a pretty good memory for significant detail.

He was still only ten when he took his first long trip (to Oregon to live with an uncle) and met his first traveler's disappointment. "The Rocky Mountains," he noted with disillusionment, "were made mostly of dirt." From his uncle he learned a modification of Quakerism: "Turn your other cheek once, but if he smites it, then punch him!" From Cornishmen in the Southwest goldfields he learned fine points that had been neglected at Stanford

engineering school. (To sleep warm in a wet mine, curl up in a steel wheelbarrow heated by several candles underneath.) At 23, he was helping a British mining firm claw gold out of western Australia; at 25, he had traveled around the world twice, was earning \$20,000 a year as the firm's China representative.

Of his numerous expeditions into Asiatic places few Westerners had seen, he writes: "Hundreds of travelers have reported the interesting incidentals . . . They are perhaps more interesting to [sightseers] than to engineers who want to get there and find something worthwhile."

The Shell Game. In his profession, he soon found what he was looking for. Before he was 40 he was one of the world's foremost mining engineers ("My aggregate income . . . probably exceeded that of any other American engineer"), an operator of rich ore and gem mines in almost



Harris & Ewing
HERBERT HOOVER (1918)
Among the gods.

every corner of the earth, a multimillionaire whose viscera felt the first gentle urgings of philanthropy. When World War I came, Hoover, summering in England, became by accident the founder of a committee to get stranded Americans back home.

"I did not realize it at the moment but . . . I was [then] on the slippery road of public life." Out of that grew Belgian Relief, and out of that the great Hoover relief & reconstruction program after the war. Refusing always to take a penny for salary or expenses, he fed and helped mend the lives of millions of Europeans, fought the European Allies' attempts to use food as a political lever (Winston Churchill's Admiralty strongly suggested to the Foreign Office that Hoover was spying for the Germans). Before Americans had come to know the stolid, moon-faced man in the high collar, he was a hero to Poles, Frenchmen, Balts, Russians, Hungarians.

"The Austrians wanted to express their



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gratitude," he records, "Their astronomers discovered a new planet and named it Hooveria. That ought to have placed me among the Greek gods, for names of planets had been . . . previously reserved for them. However, some member of a world astronomical committee on nomenclature subsequently protested, and I was put off Olympus."¹⁰ He dealt on his own terms with Lloyd George ("He was as nimble as the pea in a shell game") and Clemenceau ("He never did understand Mr. Wilson. I don't think he tried to"), and played a bigger role at Versailles than most histories accord him.

"I came out of all these experiences," Hoover notes, "with one absolute conviction, which was: America, with its skill in organization and the valor of its sons, could win great wars. But it could not make lasting peace. I was convinced we must keep out of Old World wars, lend ourselves to measures preventing war, maintaining peace and healing the wounds of war." There is no reason today, Herbert Hoover implies, to change that judgment of the '20s.

High Water

THE FORTUNE TELLERS (442 pp.)—*Berry Fleming—Lippincott* (\$3.75).

Homer's description of Ithaca as the home of Odysseus has kept classical scholars puzzling for centuries to reconcile his landmarks with the topography of that small Ionian island. Berry Fleming's *Fredericksville, Ga.* scene of *The Fortune Tellers* presents no such problems of identification: the place is plainly Augusta, with its Broad Street, its Confederate Monument and its levee against the Savannah River. But this will be no news to Augustans; many of them have grown casehardened to their fellow citizen's revelations in thin fictional disguise (*Colonel Effingham's Raid*, *The Lightwood Tree*) of their community's seamy side and shoddy behavior.

Violent River. There is nothing seamy or shoddy, though, about Fleming's account of Fredericksville's struggle against the Savannah River in full flood. Under the grey smear of incessant rain, its people scrabble heroically for survival behind their leaky dike. The warm yellow water climbs a foot an hour up the face of the levee. Sweating, grunting workers raise extra barriers of sandbags just ahead of the rising river. Sand-holes, bubbles, slides and settles, one after another, threaten to wipe out all efforts in one great gush of doom. The glare of fuses mixes menacingly with the sweet smell of floating gasoline. Debris swims silently downstream to clog up on the bridges, finally carry them away. A privy goes by, "pivot[ing] slowly like a model in a fashion parade." Fleming conveys the protracted melodrama of a bold, restless river in flood without once

* Protests or not, the name actually stuck. Mr. Hoover may be glad to learn that he is still on Olympus—and that Hooveria, usually called an asteroid, still circles in the sky, about midway between Jupiter and Mars.



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*Defense Production Administration tabulation
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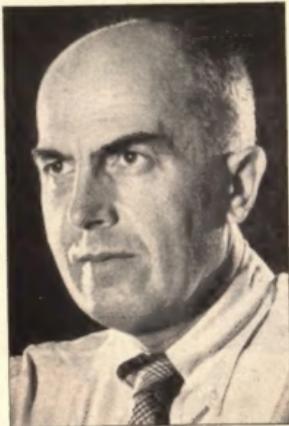
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raising his voice adjectively or using the verb "rampage."

Cleve Barfield, well-to-do kaolin mine operator, has his mind on another man's wife and an ancient legal injustice when he is jockeyed into the thankless job of captaining what looks like the town's losing battle against the river. Twenty years before, one of his Trafford in-laws had been mysteriously murdered. Later, a luckless Negro, pawning the dead man's watch, was arrested, tried, convicted and, strangely, given only a life sentence. Now a Yankee journalist named Vitner is carpetbagging in Fredericksville, poking into this old case, trying to fit the pieces of the puzzle together from back newspaper files and court records into a sensational scandal. Icily insolent, he mouths clichés about the "sins of the South" and its "incipient fascism"—which he says only



NOVELIST FLEMING
Disguise: thin; perspective: human.

his kind of newspaper exposure will cure.

Two Battles. As the high water crests along the levee, Barfield finds himself waging two battles, one against the flood, the other against Vitner. That he manages to win both with no loss of personal integrity is due as much to the dogged skill of the engineer in charge, whose wife he coveted, as to Vitner's secret soft-heartedness with flesh & blood people in trouble.

Berry Fleming usually succeeds in telling a good Southern story in a moderate Southern accent without resort to miscegenation, lynching, rape or general degeneracy to obtain his effects. In *The Fortune Tellers*, he has put the race issue into a perspective of human rather than political terms that is probably more accurate than most current Southern writers would have you believe. No Homer, he has, nevertheless, caught the epic essence of man against nature—nature in this case being not only a violent river, but a violent heart.

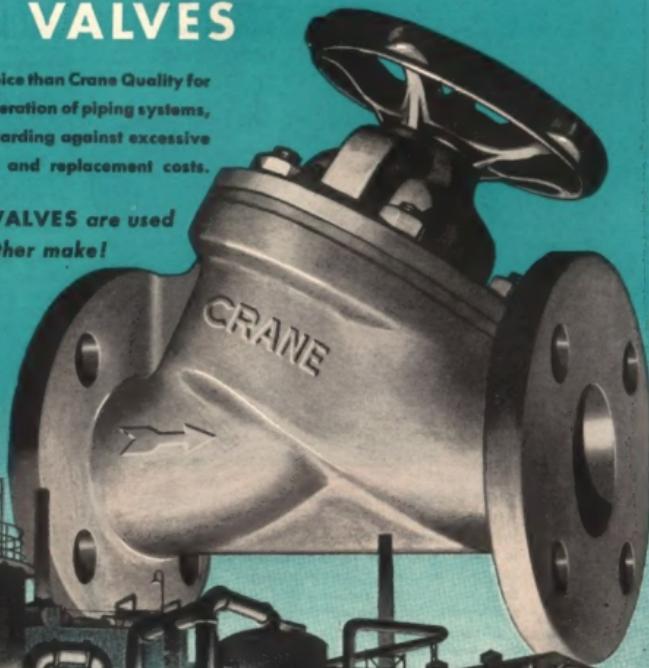
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LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK

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Limited Offensive. In Pittsburgh, haled into court for seasoning her husband's gravy with rat poison, Mrs. Margaret Kearns declared that she had caught him coming home with lipstick smeared on his shirt, explained that she didn't really want to hurt him: "Rat poison doesn't kill rats. It just makes them sick."

Letter of the Law. In St. Louis, Circuit Judge Harry F. Russell blamed local lawyers for the disappearance of 75 to 100 expensive law books from the court library.

Into the Fire. In Shawneetown, Ill., Gene Oldham and John Nelson broke into the city jail, robbed a prisoner of \$150.

Affairs of State. In El Paso, Texas, Mayor Fred Harvey received a message from the U.S. Secretary of Defense: "Re my telegram 29 Sept. which reads 12 Nov. should read Nov. 12."

For Whom the Bell Tolls. In Korah, Ontario, after Farmer Gordon Reed was found guilty of drunken driving, a businessman of the same name requested a radio announcer to specify that he was not the man in question, several hours later was arrested on the same charge.

Sentimentalist. In Fort Wayne, Ind., attendants at the C. M. Sloan & Sons funeral home noticed a mourner fondly clasp the hand of the deceased, later noticed that a \$150 ring was missing from the corpse's finger.

Rules of the Road. In Kansas, Ill., village cops arrested three state troopers for hauling overloaded trucks from the highways into the village for weighing, thereby violating the village's own maximum load limit.

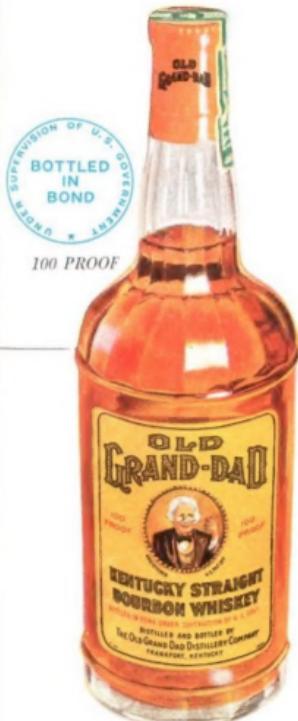
First Things First. In San Diego, the *Evening Tribune* ran an advertisement in its Situations Wanted column: "Woman, 35, general housework, loves children, live in. Husband welcome. TV not absolutely essential."

Career Man. In Sydney, Australia, cops charged Robert Clifford, 39, with getting jobs at four different firms, then putting in anonymous telephone calls to notify the employers that their new man was an untrustworthy ex-convict, and collecting from each the week's pay required by the law.

March of Science. In Athens, Ga., after cutting off the tails of two beagles, Psychologist A. S. Edwards put the dogs through an obstacle course, proved to his satisfaction that tails are not necessary for canine equilibrium.

The Wild West. In Detroit, while washing windows in a skyscraper, Moreel Bellfleur came upon a raccoon on a sixth-floor ledge.

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